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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 171.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 13, 1907 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] **Lady Castlereagh** [*Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.*

Who presented her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Eric Chaplin, at the last Court before His Majesty's departure for Biarritz. As the daughter-in-law of Lord Londonderry, she is likely to become one of the most prominent hostesses of the Conservative Party

No. 171.—Vol. XIII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Disciples." By Mary Crosbie. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Independent Review. (John Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Repose, and Other Poems." By J. Marjoram. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.* net.)

"The Naples Riviera." By H. M. Vaughan. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"'Twixt Sword and Glove." By A. Glavering Gunter. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Hill of Dreams." By Arthur Machen. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"Through Portugal." By Martin Hume. (Grant Richards: 5*s.* net.)

"Susan." By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"The Obliging Husband." By Frank Barrett. (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Science in Living." By John Williamson, F.R.H.L. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Sable Handbook." By F. F. Dale. (John Lane: 3*s.* net.)

"Wagner's *Lohengrin.*" By F. C. Tilney. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Rural England." By Washington Irving. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Early English Prose Romances." By W. J. Thomas. (Routledge: 6*s.* net.)

"The Story of Martin Coe." By Ralph D. Paine. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 13, 1907

"THAW IS BORED WITH HIS TRIAL."—*Evening Standard.*

Really, this supposedly "insane" young man seems to have feelings very much in common with the rest of humanity.

* * *

Four Chinese officials are spending four months in Berlin acquainting themselves with German police methods. We should have thought, with average enterprise, they might have learned all they wanted to know in one night.

* * *

The employment by the Municipal Reformers of experienced American electioneerers is likely to be avenged in kind by the Progressives at the next L.C.C. Elections. Inquiries are already being made in Berlin as to whether the Kaiser is disengaged for March, 1910.

* * *

The new Bleakdown Golf Course at Byfleet was opened recently, and a golfer of repute has been duly found to declare that it is the finest inland course he has ever played on. This brings the total number of finest inland courses up to about fifteen.

The inauguration of the new Duma was, of course, attended by the usual cavalry charges, but so slight was the loss of life entailed that it is likely they will, after this year, be considered no longer smart.

* * *

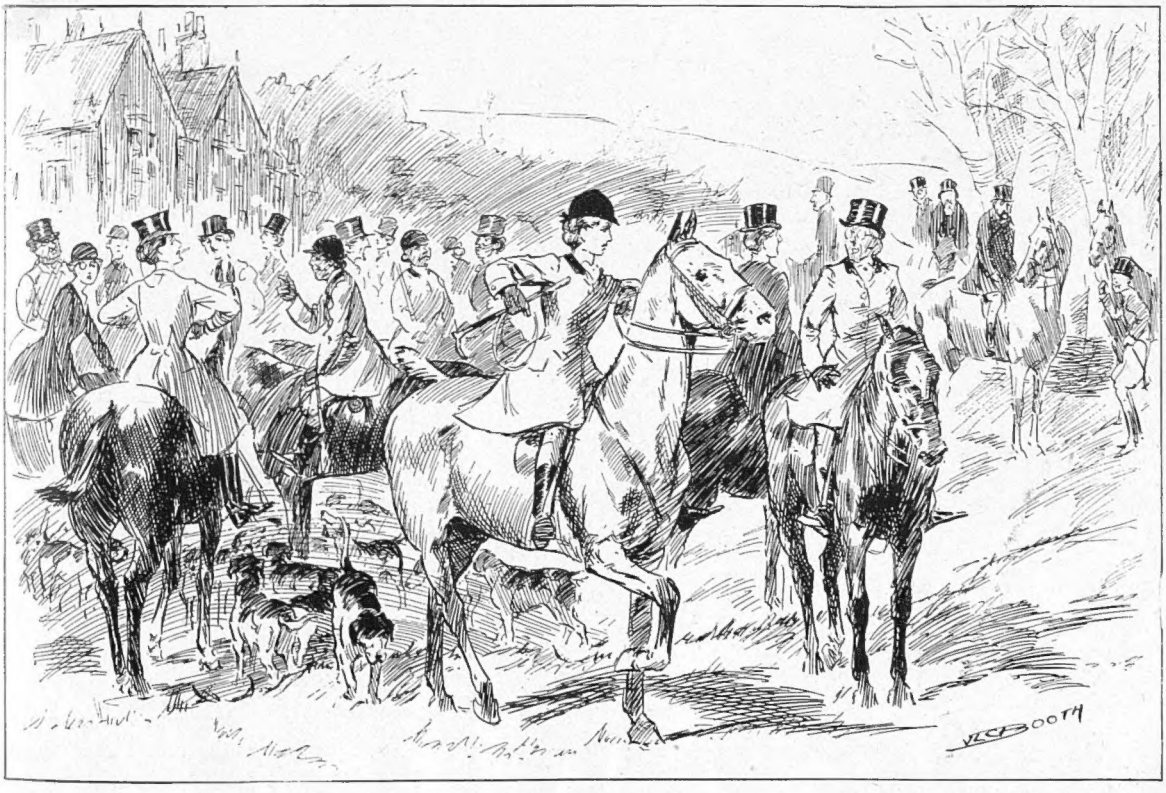
The *Field* recommends motorists "to have a cheap clock fitted on the dashboard, and inside the body, too. For some reason, however," it adds, "this addition is not nearly so general as would be expected." Funny that people are so prejudiced and old-fashioned in their notions, isn't it?

* * *

No new form of rifle has been issued by the War Office for at least a fortnight. Since giving proof of its reserve energy by the Woolwich Arsenal explosion, the W. O. is evidently resting on its laurels.

* * *

The latest New York "freak dinner" was given backwards, beginning with black coffee, crackers, and cheese, and ending with soup and oysters. The guests, of course, all arrived intoxicated, took their seats under the table, and told before-dinner stories. As the meal progressed, they got blind sober, and, after the oysters, adjourned to the drawing-room to be introduced to each other.



Will it Come to This? A Meet of the Near Future

"The increasing attendance of women at hunts has been a notable feature of the season now drawing to a close."—*Daily Paper*

BY V. L. C. BOOTH

RACING NOTIONS

A LINCOLN FORECAST. By "CARBINE"

Flat-Racing Near at Hand

One week more, and then flat-racing. Its arrival will be a relief, I think, to those lovers of the Turf who have found the steeplechasing season singularly devoid of interest. Even the Grand National loses some of its attractiveness by the disappearance of such promising horses at Oatlands, Aunt May, and Rassendyl, while Red Lad and Ranunculus have also been amiss, and it is still doubtful whether we shall see either of them at Aintree. A new favourite has appeared on the scene since this time last week. Eremon is now the strongest order, and we are asked to believe that this young horse, who failed to complete the course when running against Hack Watch, Extravagance, and others in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase in November, is good enough to cover a much longer distance and win the greatest cross-country race of the year! Well, Eremon may be the good thing which the betting suggests him to be; but he does not seem to me like a 7 to 1 chance.

The New Grand National Favourite

There are several things to be said in his favour. He is lightly weighted, only carrying 10st. 1lb. He won his race at Warwick in good style last week. He is undeniably a clean jumper. He belongs to one of the "cleverest" stables, which has another prominent Grand National candidate in Seisdon Prince, who, by the way, fulfilled my prediction by winning his race at Hooton last week. Finally, Eremon is strongly fancied by the good sportsman who owns him. Indeed, Mr. Howard has been keenly looking forward to the National ever since the horse scored at Newbury in the spring. These things, then, must be placed to Eremon's credit. On the other hand, we have the doubt as to the horse's ability to get the Grand National course at the first time of asking. There is nothing so reliable as past Liverpool performances in reckoning up the chances for this great race, and personally I expect to see one or two of the older horses beat Eremon. Up to the end of last week my faith was still with Wolf's Folly, but this horse may not, after all, be started.

What Will Win the Lincoln?

Meanwhile, attention must be devoted to the Lincolnshire Handicap, as the first big race of the flat-racing season will be run before next week's BYSTANDER reaches its readers. It behoves us, therefore, to say what we have to say about the race right now, eight days in advance of the event. The only horses which have been really supported so far have been Camisard, His Eminence, and Fra Diavolo, and even in these cases the betting has been unsubstantial, and there are likely to be some radical changes in the quotations on and before next Tuesday. Several horses whose names have seldom been mentioned are likely to be well backed, notably Roseate Dawn, who I think is certain to run well, the fact that he has been allowed to miss some valuable hurdle races telling in his favour.

A Forecast of the Result

Of the Newmarket horses I have all along considered Lovania and Kaffir Chief the best. The former will probably be ridden by Wootton, and she has only to run as well as when she beat Rocketter last season to justify my confidence in her. I like Kaffir Chief because of his very consistent form, and he certainly should defeat His Eminence on their Cambridgeshire running. I have always preferred him to his stable companion, Cyclops Too, though, up to the present, they have not been tried together. It is, as last year, a very open race; but heaven save us from another Ob! My selection is **KAFFIR CHIEF**, and for place investments I recommend **Lovania** and **Roseate Dawn.**

Other Selections

The good old "saddling-bell on the Carholme" will ring out once more next Monday, when the Batthyany Plate will be, as usual, the chief event. I think **Honolulu** will win. For the Hainton Plate on the following day I fancy **Bramber.** There will be some good steeplechasing at Hurst Park during the present week, where Hartigan may win the New Century Steeplechase with **Domino** or **Round Dance.**

The Warwick National Hunt Steeplechase

A fall at the water jump

The Allies at Hockey

ANGLO-FRENCH MATCH RESULTS IN OVERWHELMING BRITISH VICTORY

England scoring one of the fourteen goals which she made to the Frenchmen's nil

Saturday's match at Beckenham was a one-sided affair, the Frenchmen being completely outplayed. It was, however, gallant of them to undertake so ambitious a game at all, and cannot but result in the improvement of their play, which is already much better than before. In the English game, the chief honours fell to Jordan (5 goals), Stafford (4), and Draper (3), while the best work on the French side was that of Gautier, the centre-half

Why English Actresses Don't Succeed

(Continued from last week)

The Actress Who Wants to "Get There Quickly"

In last week's issue I pointed out how certain celebrated actresses were blundering along the wrong track because "they would not be told anything." This week we will consider, if you please, the young actress, the youthful Miss Z, whose defect is that she wishes to get there too quickly—to run before she can walk. Very early in her career she develops a frank detestation of "drudgery." Life on the road, with its dreary journeys and dingy lodgings, disgusts her. Her one idea is to come to London. After the close of every tour she strains every nerve to get a London engagement.

Miss Z is with a *répertoire* company, and if she set about her work in the proper spirit she could learn more in one week than her sister "up in Town" could learn throughout the entire run of a London success. But no! Miss Z wants to have "a good time." She has hosts of friends in London, and she is dying to get back in the old set. In order to realise this ambition she will take anything, even a "walk-on," rather than go out on tour again. A fine spirit this of Miss Z's for mastering this most difficult art of acting. She knows well enough that until an actress makes a London appearance she might move the whole Provinces to laughter and tears, and remain unknown. But, in her blindness and folly, Miss Z fails to grasp the fact that she will take exactly twice as long to learn the technique of her art in London as in the Provinces; that a London appearance is of no value unless the actress has gone through the mill and is stepping upon the stage fortified by years of experience and hard work.

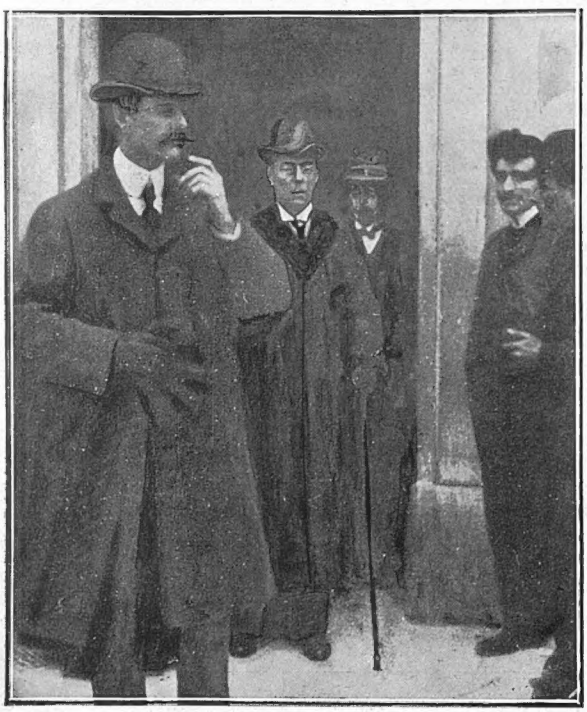


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Chamberlain's recovery

A photograph of the distinguished convalescent leaving the railway station at St. Raphael. Mr. Chamberlain is announced to be "going on well," and takes a drive daily

Miss Z at last secures a London engagement—an *ingénue* rôle in a new comedy by one of the leading dramatists, produced at one of the "swagger" theatres. She is a pretty girl, and soon the illustrated papers publish her photograph.

Her Début in Town

On the great night, Miss Z makes her first London appearance in an *ingénue* rôle. A golden-haired English girl, with a joyous manner, she comes on in a houseboat scene, swinging a garden hat by the ribbons. Her sweet smile, a fascinating note of complaint in her voice, and a pretty way of pursing up her lips into a pout, go straight to the hearts of the audience. Miss Z has made a hit.

Some years elapse. Miss Z holds the position she has secured in London. She would not leave it on any account. Her salary increases to £15 per week and seems to stick there.

Consider Miss Z after seven years' continuous work in London, playing every time that self-same golden-haired *ingénue*. She appears in a new play. She makes her appearance through a garden gate. Again she swings a garden hat by the ribbons. Watch her performance carefully. What has she learned since her first London engagement? Nothing. Nothing! To tell the honest truth, she has fallen back in the steep climb to the pinnacles of Dramatic Art. She has developed irritating mannerisms. She has aged in appearance not a bit since the day, seven years ago, when we first fell in love with her. But the smile—the eternal smile—gets on our nerves. The note of complaint is accentuated. By heavens! she whines.

The Seal of Her Doom

If she had made more of an effort she could have loosened the strands before they became too tight. She might have raged against the eternal routine of *ingénue* rôles, and, making a bid for freedom, have demanded rôles which called for greater powers of acting. She would occasionally have sacrificed a good, safe engagement for the sake of one which held out a wide range of parts and invaluable experience. What is the result? When the great chance comes along, when a dramatist writes a play in which the principal feminine character is a charmer of men—a rôle which calls for the highest powers of comedy and the most subtle expression of sentiment—do you think that this dramatist will clamour for Miss Z to play the part? On the contrary, he will say to himself, with a sigh, "She looks it, and she might score in the lighter comedy passages, but the emotional scenes would swamp her." So Miss Z is passed over, and Miss Marie Tempest not being available, the manager turns in despair to France and to Germany for a finished comedienne. Poor Miss Z! She will continue to be made love to upon the stage by callow youths in flannels. She will even cause the hearts of the rising generations of susceptible male playgoers to beat a little faster. But when her day is over it will be found that she has not even succeeded in carving the tiniest niche in the Temple of Dramatic Fame. E. C. S.

The Topictator

SIGNS OF SPRING.

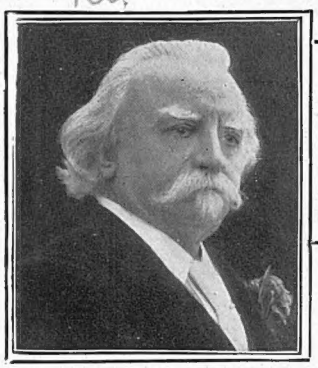


Photo *Russell*

The late Sir August Manns

For nearly fifty years conductor of the Crystal Palace Concerts. He died at the age of eighty-two

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

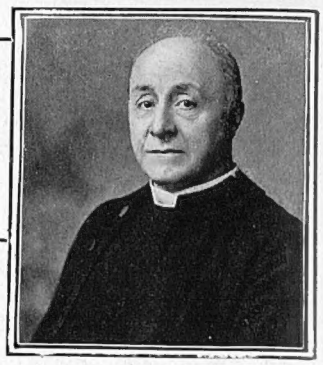


Photo *Thiele*

Dr. Edgar Sheppard

The Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, who has just been appointed the new Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. He is a personal friend of the King

The Dowager-Empress of Russia

For many years the Danish Royal Family has given London and Sandringham a wide berth. It was never, of course, at any time particularly in sympathy with King Edward VII., and, even now, the Russian visit is made at a time when the Queen is, colloquially speaking, a grass-widow. Extremely fond of one another as are both Queen and Empress, and though they have taken a villa together in the suburbs of Copenhagen, the Empress Marie is not—as sister—prime favourite with Queen Alexandra. First place in the sisterly affections of the Queen is held by the Duchess of Cumberland, for the two have at least one great interest in common. They are passionately devoted to music, and, when together, indulge for hours at a time in the now rather obsolete pastime of duet-playing on the piano.

* * *

The Empress's Married Life

Though not the most beautiful of the sisters—Queen Alexandra takes first place in this respect—the Empress Marie is without doubt the cleverest and possesses the largest share of *savoir faire*. The *confidante* and arch-adviser of her husband, Tsar Alexander III., she knew how to retain his most ardent affections. They were Royal lovers always, and for him, as he let the whole world know, there was no other woman. I talked of him once with Madame Patti. As a young girl, the *diva* was a guest at the Imperial Palace, St. Petersburg, when a ball was in progress. Every Prince and Grand Duke in the room begged a dance of her. Only Alexander held off. A little piqued, the favoured young singer summoned all the effrontery of youth to her aid. "Sire," she addressed him, "you do not invite me to valse with you." "Mademoiselle," he answered, "*Je ne danse jamais qu'avec ma femme.*"

* * *

Some Beautiful Women

At the last Court, the Queen, in a filmy black Indian-embroidered gown, looked her loveliest, and received, as usual, to the bitter end. The King, his Southern holiday in view, smiled and talked and made jokes, as he always does. The Princess of Wales, like the Duchess of Sutherland, braved successfully the lurking dangers of white and silver and diamonds, and came out triumphant. With Her Grace of Sutherland, more serious and more stately than ever, came her niece, the Viscountess Castlereagh. She wore a wonderful Empire gown of rose-petal pink Indian embroideries, and she presented her sister-in-law, Mrs. Eric Chaplin, the beautiful Miss Gwladys Wilson of former days. They formed a striking contrast. Lady Castlereagh (the subject of our frontispiece), tall, handsome, and athletic, is the daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin. Her sister-in-law, *petite*, vivid, with bright, dancing blue eyes and tiny, brilliantly white teeth, is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Nunburnholme.

Photo] **The Horrors of Heroism: "Berlin" rescuers on show at the Palace** [*Illustrations Bureau*

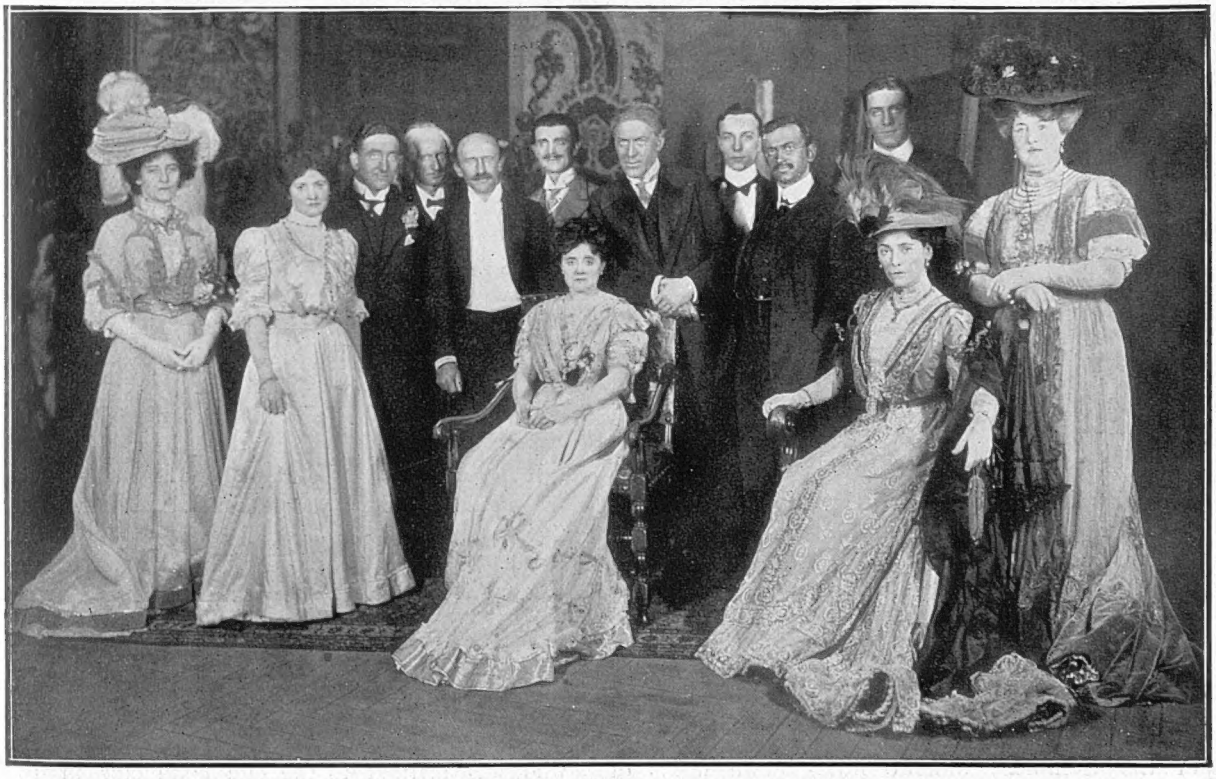
In order to raise money for the relatives of the victims of the *Berlin* disaster, the somewhat questionable procedure was adopted of inviting Captain Sperling (in the box in the above photograph) and his companions to "show themselves" before a London music-hall audience. The brave Dutchmen duly appeared, to be gazed at and gloated over by the sensation-loving townsmen

THE AMEER'S FAREWELL TO INDIA

Photo] **His Majesty (on the left) goes for a trip in a motor-boat on the river at Ganeshkind** [*Topical Agency*

One of the latest of the joys of civilisation to be submitted by the Indian authorities to the approval of Afghanistan's affable ruler, prior to his return to Kabul, was a trip on the river (at Ganeshkind) in a motor-boat, in which he was accompanied by Miss Bromfield and Sir Henry MacMahon (on the Ameer's right). The experience would have been very enjoyable had it not been for an untimely shower of rain, which involved the use of umbrellas. The Ameer finally left India on Friday last, from Peshawur

NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S



Photo] **Mr. George Alexander and some of his company in "John Glayde's Honour"** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Reading left to right: Miss G. Floyd, Miss M. Martyn, Mr. Alfred Sutro (the author), Miss Eva Moore (John Glayde's wife), Mr. George Alexander (John Glayde), Mr. Michael Sherbrooke (his secretary), Miss Henrietta Watson, and Miss Ferrers. Mr. Alexander's success with *His House in Order* has only given place to what promises to be even a greater success in *John Glayde's Honour*, by Mr. Alfred Sutro, author of *The Walls of Jericho*, produced on Friday last at the St. James's Theatre. The critics acclaim it as the finest piece of work Mr. Sutro has yet done, while the acting of Mr. Alexander and Miss Moore in the principal rôles is of the very highest order

An Interesting Presentation

The Horrors of Hero Worship

Verily Charity covereth a multitude of sins! When Britons set to work to make snobs of themselves they surpass every other nation in the thoroughness with which they do it, and the wily music-hall proprietor knows only too well how to take advantage of this little weakness, whether the object be charity, advertisement, or dividends. I can conceive nothing more degrading to the dignity of a nation than the spectacle of which two brave men were the reluctant heroes on Thursday afternoon last at the Palace Theatre of Varieties. I quite sympathise with Captains Sperling and Jansen, whose modesty is as conspicuous as their bravery, in their desire to be left alone, and it was surely a desire which ought to have been respected. But, nevertheless, they were dragged over from Holland, and butchered to make a British holiday by being assigned the principal rôles in a raree show got up for the delectation of an hysterical crowd. The only redeeming feature of this tasteless exhibition was that it was organised with a charitable object—the relief of the widows and orphans of the ill-fated crew of the *Berlin*. But surely an equally large sum could have been raised by a simple appeal to the public, and if this sort of thing is to continue, we may expect to see brave soldiers and sailors decorated with the V.C. on the music-hall stage to the inspiriting strains of "It's a Different Girl Again."

* * *

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

The Hon. Mrs. Eric Chaplin

Who was presented at the last Court by her sister-in-law, Lady Castlereagh. She was formerly Miss Gwladys Wilson (daughter of Lord Nunburnholme)

A Grand Old Musician

By this time, probably, all the pretty things possible to say about dear, delightful old August Manns have been said, nearly all the stories to be told about him told. At risk of being superfluous, however, I should like to add one little word of my own. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that Sir August did more for music in England than any man of the last century. Using the Crystal Palace as his base of operations, he called from the vasty depths of the Continent hitherto little-known works of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and other masters, and introduced them to the British public at large. He "found" Brahms, Sullivan, Strauss, Elgar, and I know not how many another great musician for the British public. One of his very own discoveries was Tschaikowsky. So far ago as 1870 there appeared on the programme of one of his week-day concerts the Polish symphony of the Russian master, then quite unknown to fame. Imagine the conductor's surprise to receive, a day or two after, the request from his directors that "Herr Manns would kindly desist, in future, from performing works by composers with such horrible foreign names!" Though a German, Manns was, in his musical work, first a Briton. Stories of his generous "pushing" of the claims to attention of young British composers abound.

* * *

The Manners of Manns

Instances of Sir August's little altercations with the members of the orchestral and choral forces which used to assemble under his tutelage for the Handel Festival are numerous. Two occur to me, as related by those present. In reply to some of the conductor's criticisms on his method, a pompous tenor, in swelling tones, replied: "Herr Manns! You appear to think that I was trained in the German school of singing, whereas, of course, I was trained in the Italian school. Thank God, I was not trained in the German school!"

"Um!" grunted the old conductor, shaking his white locks, and brushing his funny little moustache, "I do not tink you have much to thank eem for!"

* * *

A Startling Confession!

Manns spoke very rapidly and much to the point, and this, once, brought upon him the reproach of a basso at the back of the Handel choir, who requested the conductor kindly to speak a little slower, so that the distant choristers could hear his instructions. "Ach!" said Manns, rapping his bâton on his desk, "but I am a very fast man, myself. B-r-r-r!" To his last day, the dear old gentleman could not understand the meaning of the titter which greeted this confession, hailing, as it did, from the feminine, even more than from the masculine, contingent of the assembled chorus. Lady Manns, who was married to the late conductor in 1897, is a daughter of the late Colonel A. J. B. Thellusson. She is a handsome Scotchwoman, with a pleasing manner and somewhat of a "far-away" look in two very blue eyes.

The New Vice-Chamberlain

Photos

Mr. J. M. Fuller, M.P. (Westbury Division)

The new Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household in succession to Lord Allendale. The office also carries with it that of Junior Whip

Kate Pragnell

Mrs. J. M. Fuller

The wife of the new Vice-Chamberlain of the Household

The Royal Yacht

In readiness for their Majesties' April cruise in the Mediterranean, the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* has been, for the last two months, undergoing an extensive refit. She has been entirely redecorated and regilded, and has been fitted with no fewer than five new motor-launches for their Majesties' use when going to and from the yacht. In the yacht-kitchens, an electric oven has been installed, and in this will be baked the very light bread which is always prepared for the King's table. It is a relief, by the way, to note that the name of the new Royal yacht is plain *Alexandra*, not *Edward and Alexandra*, as it would have been were the Victorian precept perpetuated. Anything more cumbersome in the way of a name than the double appellation it would be difficult to hit upon. It is expected that the new yacht will be ready to be launched when the King and Queen return to England at the end of April. She will not, however, be completed for service for another five or six months.

* * *

Prince Edward for the Navy

Simultaneously with the announcement that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has been made a full Admiral comes the intimation that Prince Edward of Wales has passed his preliminary examination for entry into the Royal College, Osborne. In this connection, and for the enlightenment of mothers of sons who may think the little Prince still over young to have passed, or even to have entered for, examinations, it must be remembered that, as Lord Selborne once said, the entrance examination is not in any way severe, for no examination at so early an age can be considered an accurate test of what the comparative faculties of the candidate will be when he has attained manhood. Under the new scheme of training, whereby a boy enters as a cadet at the age of twelve, it is not, of course, possible for him to go to a public school. Prince Edward, therefore, will enter Osborne straight from his tutor's hands, and, if all one hears of his slightly imperious disposition be true, the little fellow has some exciting times before him, Royal Prince though he may be.

* * *

The Routine at Osborne

For the routine of the cadet who will one day rule as Emperor-King over the British Dominions is to be in no way different from that followed by other and less distinguished cadets. Prince Edward's sole worldly goods at Osborne will be such as can be conveniently contained in the huge sea-chest of which he becomes, on entry, the proud owner. Like his companions, he will rise at 6.30 each morning and will proceed to bathe. His day, like that of the humblest-born cadet in the school, will be mapped out for him in immutable letters of iron. In the classroom, in the workshops, in the gymnasium, on the playing-fields, in rowing and sailing craft, up to the time when he retires to his not too commodious sleeping-deck bunk, his life at Osborne will differ in no degree from that of his less exalted companions. However, it must not be supposed that Prince Edward is permanently destined for the Navy. The King is strongly in favour of his entry, at a later date, into the "junior Service."

* * *

A Real Live Officer

For four years, according to the present routine—two at Osborne and two at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth—the naval cadet studies thus. Then he becomes a midshipman. He gets a new Service overcoat, a dirk, his name is placed on the Active List, and he at last begins to feel he really is a naval officer. He joins the gun-room mess of a sea-going ship, receives the blissful sum of 1*s.* 9*d.* a day, and is given the charge of a boat. He has, however, by no means come to an end with his period of training. He is annually, for three years, examined in seamanship, navigation, pilotage, gunnery, etc., and he then becomes an Acting Sub-Lieutenant. From Sub-Lieutenant he becomes first Junior, then Senior Lieutenant at a payment of from 10*s.* to 14*s.* a day. Before he reaches the age of forty

Photo Edward Reeves, Lewes

The Hon. Frances Wolseley

The only daughter and heiress to Viscount Wolseley (whose title she will inherit). She is deeply interested in horticulture, and conducts a school of gardening at Glynde, Sussex

Our Future King a Sailor

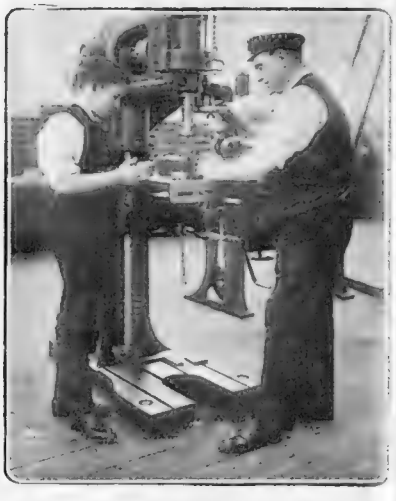
Going to School

The new naval cadet leaves Portsmouth Dockyard on H.M.S. *Magnet* for Osborne

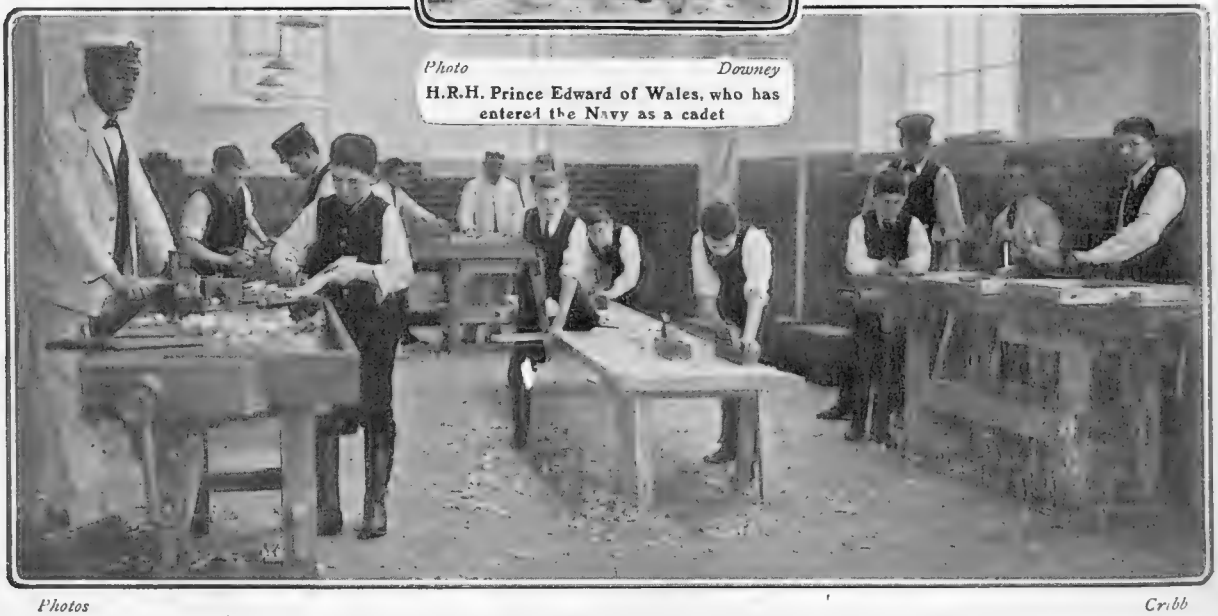
He tries his hand at the lathes, turning brass

Photo *Downey*

H.R.H. Prince Edward of Wales, who has entered the Navy as a cadet



Likewise, at the machine drill



Photos *Cribb*

He takes a course in the carpentry shops, under the supervision of veteran instructors

(Prince Edward of Wales has passed his preliminary examination for entry into the Royal College, Osborne, where he will undergo the full training of a naval cadet, without regard for his rank)

The Life of a Naval Cadet at Osborne

Sleeps in an airy and comfortable dormitory, with his sea-chest at the foot of his bed

"Stands Easy" before drill

He passes his day between the classroom, the drill-ground, the gymnasium, and the workshop, while, of course, cricket, football, and hockey are not neglected)

Assembles on the field for a game of "Rugger"

(The practice in the game gained at Osborne by the cadet makes him invaluable, later on, for the United Services Team)

Photos] General View of the Royal Naval College, Osborne [*Cribb*

The routine of life at Osborne is fairly indicated by the above photographs. Prince Edward will rise every morning at 6.30, learn to swim, attend classes, gymnasium, the playing-fields, boats (rowing and sailing), and prepare, in every way, for the duties of a naval officer

For Sale—A Fine Ruin

General View of Hurstmonceux Castle, Sussex

One of the finest ruins in England, which is offered for sale. It was built in the fifteenth century by Sir Roger de Fienes, and though lacking an interior, its walls are several feet thick, and in excellent repair

he must become a Commander, otherwise he is pensioned off with a maximum allowance of £300 a year. As Commander he receives from 20*s.* to 22*s.* a day, and his next step upwards makes him a Captain at £1 2*s.* 6*d.* to £2 5*s.* a day.

* * *

An Admiral's Pay

A Captain is either in charge of a ship, or else acts as Flag-Captain to an Admiral. At fifty-five he retires compulsorily, his pension being from £600 to £900 a year. Having attained flag-rank, however, promotion makes of him, first, a Rear-Admiral at £3 a day, then, a Vice-Admiral at £4 a day, a full Admiral at £5 a day, and, finally, an Admiral of the Fleet, who receives £6 a day. From which it will be seen that a sailor is seldom a rich man, even though he may be, according to the late Mr. G. W. Steevens, the salt of both earth and sea. Salt, it appears, is cheap.

* * *

"The Father of the Fleet"

Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B., of whom we are enabled to publish a photograph, is known as the "Father of the Fleet." Born in 1815, he is the son of the late Rear-Admiral Arthur Farquhar, and the father of the present Rear Admiral Arthur Farquhar. A fine family record o service, indeed. He himself entered the Navy nearly eighty years ago, and he held amongst othe appointments that of Commander-in-Chief on th Pacific Station and Commander-in-Chief a Devonport.

* * *

—And Other Naval People

The affair Beresford has been allowed to dro without much comment after all. It is, however pretty certain that, official denials notwithstanding "Charley" did his level best to emphasise, as is onl characteristic of the man, his own naval policy to th Admiralty Lords. The great god Compromise, how ever, has apparently successfully intervened, for last week the flag of Lord Charles Beresford replaced that of Sir Arthur Wilson in the Channel Fleet, and

Photos] **Hurstmonceux Castle: The remains of the interior** *[Russell*

Personalities in the Navy

Photo *MacMahon*

Father and Son—Admirals Both

Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B., "the Father of the Fleet," who entered the Navy nearly eighty years ago, and his son, Rear-Admiral Arthur Farquhar

Photo *R. A. Silk*

Admiral Wilson Leaves his Ship

The late Commander of the Channel Fleet stepping ashore on the termination of his service. He has been promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet, and is succeeded in his command by Lord Charles Beresford. Rumour designates him the successor of Admiral Fisher, in the fulness of time, as First Sea Lord

Photo *Russell*

Lady Bosanquet, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, in the saloon of the Admiralty yacht

Her husband, Admiral Sir Day H. Bosanquet, was recently appointed to the post of Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in succession to Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas

"Lady"—or Plain "Mrs."?

Sir William May struck his flag at Portsmouth as Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, which the Hon. Sir A. G. Curzon-Howe takes over. Our photograph, by the way, is of Lady Bosanquet, and is taken in the saloon of the Admiralty yacht. Lady Bosanquet is the wife of Admiral Sir Day H. Bosanquet, who was recently appointed to the Portsmouth Command, in succession to Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas.

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A Household Appointment

Mr. J. M. F. Fuller, the Member for the Westbury Division of Wiltshire, has been appointed Vice-Chamberlain in His Majesty's Household, vice Lord Allendale, resigned. Like his predecessor in this office, Mr. Fuller also is a Liberal Whip. He is a grandson, on his mother's side, of Lord St. Aldwyn, and is married to the daughter of a former Conservative Member for the Division he himself now represents. He is a great man up in Halifax, where he takes a prominent part in all public work. A Congregationalist, he believes in the system of profit sharing; and his interest in the municipal tramway service of Halifax has led to the invention by him of a patent brake, which greatly assists the cars in negotiating the many difficult hills on the Halifax system.

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The Primroses

Mr. Neil Primrose has let the house in Great Stanhope Street which was left him by his aunt, the late Miss Lucy Cohen, to Sir Daniel Cooper, the fabulously wealthy owner of many racehorses, yachts, and Sydney ground-rents. Sir Daniel, indeed, in this last respect, stands to Sydney in the same relationship as the Duke of Westminster stands to Mayfair and the Duke of Bedford to Bloomsbury, for the present baronet's father made great purchase of real estate in Sydney, N.S.W., before the boom in that Colony. The house he has taken is full to overflowing of articles of "bigotry and virtue." Mr. Primrose, however, prefers the freedom of bachelor chambers, or even of the parental mansion, to the responsibilities of a house of his own. At the present time, he and his elder brother, Lord Dalmeny, both being extremely eligible, and as yet unappropriated, bachelors, are the objects of much and most kaleidoscopic gossip. One day, it is currently reported that Lord Dalmeny had betted away the whole of his own and his father's fortune. The next, that Mr. Neil Primrose is to marry a lady of the light opera stage. And poor Lord Rosebery, it is said, is quite distracted with the rumours. However, one cannot, I suppose, be the father of two eligible sons without cares and troubles.

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Lady Grey-Egerton

The wealthy American lady, who, having two years ago obtained a divorce from Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, has now married a fellow-countryman, Mr. Richard McCreery. Speculation is rife as to whether she will now drop her English title in favour of the democratic "Mrs."

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For Sale—A Fine Ruin

Hurstmonceux Castle, in Sussex, is to be sold. It is not often that such a genuine and such a famous bargain in old ruins comes into the market. Curio-hunting Americans, therefore, should walk up quickly, for, undoubtedly, it is a chance. The castle is an old feudal stronghold (in ten years, however, the accommodating world would conveniently forget that it did not belong originally to Mr. Cyrus P. Hogg, who will doubtless buy it), and it was erected in the early part of the fifteenth century by the redoubtable Sir Roger de Fienes. It is one of the finest mediæval buildings in England, and although, inside, it has crumbled away almost to nothingness, outside the walls are still several feet thick, in fair repair, and of exceeding architectural beauty. In the park which surrounds the castle, a magnificent avenue of ancient Spanish chestnut trees is one of the chief features.

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Society Tradesmen

Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox's published announcement that she intends establishing a fruit-bottling industry at Broughton, Oxfordshire, reminds one of the several titled women who have, at one time or another, gone in for trade. Ellen, Countess of Desart has only lately opened a tobacco farm in Co. Kilkenny, and contemplates building a house thereon. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Otway Cuffe, a prominent member of the Gaelic League, manages the farm for her, and he has great faith in its commercial possibilities. Another Irish *commerçante* is Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin, who runs a successful violet farm at Adare Manor, Co. Limerick; and the Duchess of Abercorn, of course, does a thriving trade in knitted work and dairy produce. At Glynde, Sussex, the Hon. Frances Wolseley, the only child and heiress by special remainder of Lord Wolseley, has a school of gardening and a prosperous market-garden. In the Metropolis, Lady Duff-Gordon is the Lucille of emotional gown fame. Lady Rachel Byng has (or had) a shop for art needlework, and Mrs. Bertie Dormer, niece of Lord Dormer, has (or, again, had—the Society woman of business is even more fickle than the Society woman in ordinary life) a bonnet shop in Mayfair.

The Assurance of an Actress

Photo] **Miss Kitty Gordon (the Hon. Mrs. W. H Beresford), with her daughter** [*R. Thomas*

Who was awarded £1,000 from the Accident Insurance Company as insurance for a fur coat stated to have been lost while she was crossing from America to England. Miss Gordon is playing the Anarchist Princess in *Nelly Neil* at the Aldwych

Hints for Town Diners

A Surprise Marriage

The second marriage of Lady Grey-Egerton, like that of Captain Hill, the widower of Mrs. Ada Lewis, came also as a surprise to the world at large and to their friends, for neither weddings were announced in any way. Lady Grey-Egerton, who is an American and immensely wealthy, obtained a dissolution of her marriage with Sir Philip Grey-Egerton two years ago. She has now married one of her own countrymen, Mr. Richard McCreery, a great polo player, and, like his wife, very rich. It is to be hoped that Mrs. McCreery will live under her husband's name and not, as is the fashion with so many re-married titled widows, retain and use the title gained by a previous marriage just because it is a title. Mr. and Mrs. McCreery are spending their honeymoon on the Riviera, but for the Spring and summer they have taken Lord Ormathwaite's place, Warfield, near Ascot.

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At Jules'

"At the Maison Jules, in Jermyn Street," writes a lady correspondent, much about Town, "I noticed the other night Mr. Neil Primrose, dining with a party of rather young friends, and it dawned upon me on that same night that Jules' really is, just at the present time, the most *chic*, and one of the most favoured, French restaurants at which to dine. It is very quiet, and by no means expensive, yet, nevertheless, it is frequented rather by motor than by 'carriage folk.' Young men — or perhaps I should say, unmarried men—seem invariably to abound, so I need not say that the dinner itself is quite good, and the frocks any night at Jules' are worth seeing. Some of the loveliest of these latter I noticed were worn by ladies whom I could not remember to have met at any recent drawing-room meeting or even at political receptions; but this freshness of acquaintance, together with the undoubted Paris origin of the aforesaid gowns, may, perhaps, have, in part, accounted for their extreme charm. Many very well-known people, however, frequent the Maison Jules. The Duchess of Sutherland is a frequent diner; Lord and Lady Headfort, in a flat in Queen Anne's Mansions for a flying visit to Town, were renewing acquaintances there on the night of my visit; and Sir Edward Tennant, Prince Francis of Teck, Prince Emil Furstenberg, Lord Guernsey, the Earl of Kintore, and Mr. Harry de Windt, were amongst the many 'nice' men present."

Lady Clifton Robinson

The wife of the Tramway King (Sir J. Clifton Robinson), who was presented at Court recently, in a magnificent costume of white net (further particulars of which will be found in our "Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows" columns)

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Sunday Night at the Gaiety

"But if it is a Sunday night on which one wants to dine at a restaurant," continues my informant, "then I would suggest the Gaiety as a very pleasant place indeed in which to wile away a weary Sabbatical hour or two. Here one dines not only economically, but also musically, for the concert, which is becoming a feature of Sunday dining proceeds during, as well as after, dinner. The menu (which is reproduced *facsimile* on p. xii. of this issue), though not as at the Maison Jules, entirely Parisian in character and construction, is, nevertheless, an exceedingly good one; the surroundings are charming, the service as good, if not better than anywhere. The flowers, when I was there last Sunday, were really exquisite. Each table was in itself a subtle promise of Spring, yellow daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, and soft thin green forming a lovely spot of Spring-like brightness on each well-appointed table."

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The Loughborough Hospital

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has graciously given her patronage to a ball which is to be held, in aid of the Loughborough Hospital, in London in May, and which is being organised by Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen.

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

"The Great Conspiracy"

Upon the stage a game of make-believe is played. In this game the impersonator must deceive the eye and the ear of his audience before he can hope to play upon their intelligence. Thus the actor makes up to represent the exact figure down to the least conspicuous detail of the character he is representing. Whoever conceived the notion of casting Mr. John Hare for the part of Napoleon was not delivered of a very brilliant thought. Of all the great figures in history, Napoleon is the most conspicuous and the quickest to be recognised. He is as familiar a figure to us to-day as he would be had we lived in France during the First Empire. In a Napoleon play, before all and above all, we want to see the man we know—the thick-set, rather corpulent little man with rounded, powerful shoulders, with heavy jowl, with kindling eye, with beetling brow and with a wisp of hair straying over his forehead.

Mr. John Hare, but for the wisp, was not Napoleon.

When diminutive, dapper Mr. Hare first appeared in the green tunic and the white breeches and stockings of the first Emperor of the French, our first inclination was to laugh. Politely we checked the inclination, and our thoughts strayed wrathfully round the false position in which Mr. Hare found himself. The plain fact that Mr. John Hare is not Napoleon will do much to damage the chances of the play's success. It would have been far better to engage an actor with half Mr. Hare's talent and twice his personal and natural fitness for making up as Napoleon. So important is illusion in that great game of make-believe, histrionics.

Photo *Window and Grove*

Miss Dorothy Minto as "Prunella"

She is shortly to appear at the Court Theatre, where she made her first success in *The Wild Duck*

One Fine Scene

The play is very uneven. It contains one really fine scene. Jeanne de Briantes is forced by Napoleon into a marriage with the man she loves, Colonel Roger Crisenoy. Jeanne's husband, the Marquis de Tallemont, is alive. He is husband only in name, his relations to her being those of father to child. He married her when a child of twelve to settle a law-suit. The Marquis had engineered the bomb-throwing which nearly took the Emperor's life. The Marquis had escaped after the explosion, but was reported to have been killed. Napoleon, to get at the truth of the matter, forces Jeanne into this marriage with Colonel Crisenoy. After the ceremony, which takes place at night, the Emperor and his courtiers leave the young couple. Jeanne is desperate. She is torn between love for the man she has married and loyalty to her husband (her godfather as she calls him), whose secret she has sworn to keep. Finally, she confesses the truth to Crisenoy, who loves the Emperor as well as Jeanne loves the Marquis. It is a fine struggle on the part of both Jeanne and Crisenoy between love and duty. Love wins the day, for the Marquis, engineering a second attempt upon the Emperor, is killed, leaving the way clear for Jeanne and Crisenoy.

In this fine scene, admirably played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Henry Ainley, it will be noticed that Napoleon takes no part. Indeed, he is outside the main scheme of things. Other well-known historical figures, Josephine, Colonel Rapp, Fouche, the War Minister, are almost as unreal and shadowy.

There are some tedious and almost sleep-compelling stretches in the play. Jeanne's interview with Napoleon, in which the Emperor tries to force her into a confession before he resorts to the marriage scheme, is almost interminable. Even this scene might be endured could we forget for one moment the fact that Mr. John Hare is not Napoleon.

KENNINGTON THEATRE

"Othello"

Mr. Oscar Asche has given a very notable performance of *Othello*. It is presumable that the young actor-manager will play this very strong card in the West End directly he returns from his provincial tour. Even if this presumption be correct, I wager that the general body of playgoers will not realise for many a long day that it has been their privilege to witness one of the most remarkable performances of their generation. For, say what you will, the average playgoer if not led by the critics does not escape being

affected by the views upon an actor's performance which he reads in print. And Mr. Asche has not received anything like justice at the hands of the critics.

Dejected Critics

He has fallen under the cloud of dejection and depression which has settled upon the critical faculty. The members of this faculty are in the throes of an attack of pessimism. The idea seems to prevail among them that enthusiasm is a state of error into which men of ill-balanced mind alone can fall. I know of no other art in which enthusiasm on the part of the critic is regarded with such suspicion as in the drama. In poetry, in music, in sculpture, in painting the writer is allowed to express in fervent terms his appreciation of the true and the beautiful. When dealing with the art of acting, occasional lapses into enthusiasm on the part of the writer are regarded with sorrow and pardoned with difficulty; an enthusiastic outlook upon matters theatrical is regarded as a grievous state of heresy. To read dramatic criticisms these days and to talk with the writers thereof is to gain the impression that the man who looks for the good is the man whose eyes are imperfectly trained to the delicate task of ferreting out the bad. Criticism of the drama is come to be a game of spotting the losers. Take two performances of *Hamlet*—one indifferent, one excellent. The critic surpasses himself in invective upon the former performance, he praises the latter "wi' deeficulty." The public reads both notices, and at once plumps for the derogatory notice. It harbours the vague idea that the fault-finder is, of necessity, a clever fellow; that any fool can praise, but that it takes a man of superior discernment to blame.

Actors and Critics

It would seem as though the position of the actor in relation to his critics were this: the actor, by appearing in a new rôle, challenges the critic to say his worst. His success is purely negative. It is gauged by the number of bad points the critic is *not* able to score against him. These reflections are the outcome of a visit to the Kennington Theatre to see Mr. Asche's Othello and a subsequent perusal of the notices. I distinguish a note of repressed admiration. It is as though the writers had been tempted to let themselves go, but had been checked by the spirit of prudence. They have kept well on the safe side, and have so qualified their praise as to render it praise of a very wishy-washy order. Caution is a fine quality, but there are occasions when the exercise of it is very misplaced. To read the notices upon *Othello* is to come to the dismal conclusion that there is no satisfying the critics; that they have got so in'o the habit of carping as to be unable to shake it off. They remind one somewhat of the soldier who looks at a splendid picture of a battle and draws the attention of the onlookers to a tiny error in accoutrement, such as a button or a strap out of place. Some of the critics, while paying tribute to the physical side of the new Othello—his noble presence and magnificent bursts of rage—declare that the romantic strain in the Moor's temperament and his great love for Desdemona are not well expresssed by Mr. Asche.

The Magnificent Moor

I beg to differ with them. When in the presence of Desdemona, Mr. Asche's Othello was the perfect lover. The great love he bears her shone out of his eyes and was apparent in every inflection of his voice. When the poison of jealousy began to work in the Moor's mind, Mr. Asche treated us to a psychological study. One could see the working of Othello's mind. One could see the tone of it deepen as wash after wash of suspicion was painted upon it by the wily Iago. A single scene is sufficient disproof of the assertion that Mr. Asche failed in his portrayal of the romantic side of Othello's nature. After the first attack by Iago he goes to Desdemona. At once her presence shames him for the unworthiness of his suspicions. He returns, his eyes freshly kindled with love of her. There are fine moments in this scene. It is difficult to forget the great gesture of negation he gives, as though suspicion were a physical burden which he could shake from his shoulders. It was a moment when brain and body worked in complete unison. It was but one of the many moments the sum total of which make up a performance of extraordinary power and fascination. It is not too much to say that no English-speaking actor of the present day could, in the rôle of Othello, approach within measurable distance of Mr. Asche. But you would not gather this from reading the notices of the performance.

HICKS THEATRE

"My Darling"

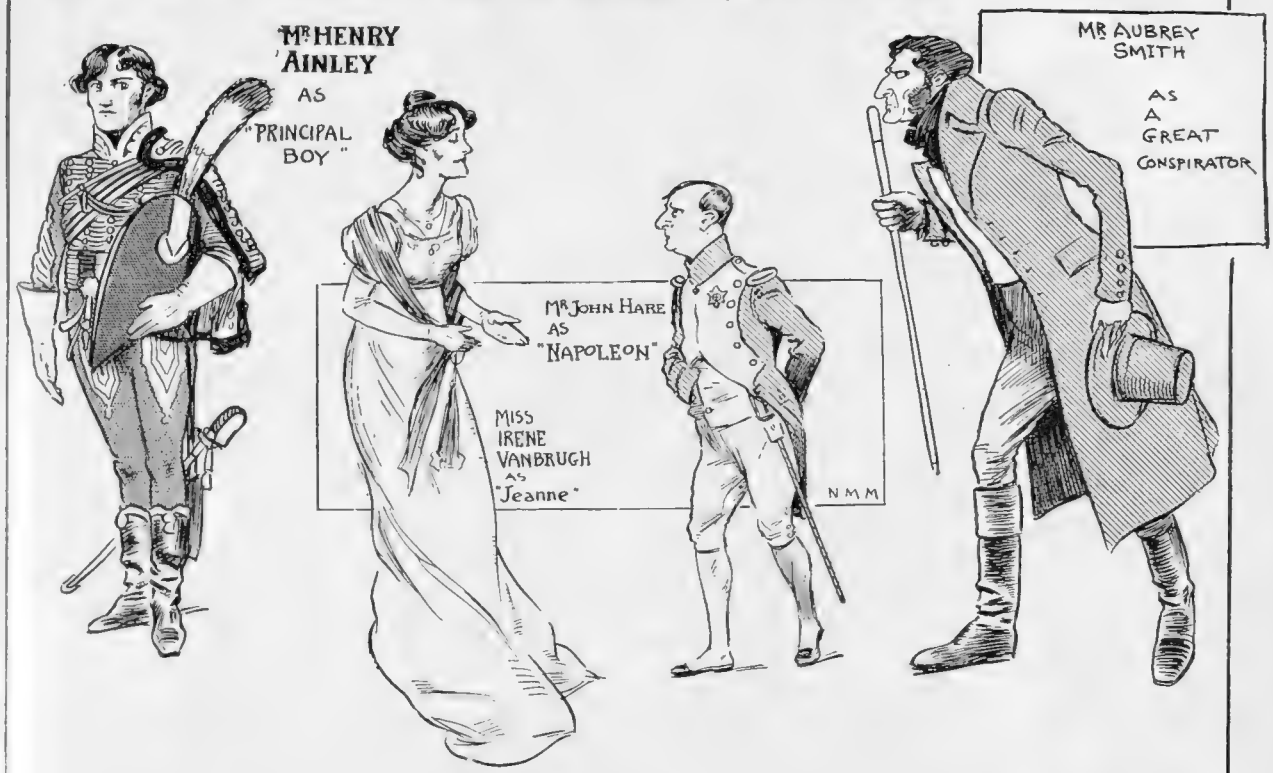
Occasionally one is given grounds for the statement that the old forms are disappearing, and that comic opera is coming into its own again. But one has to reckon with Mr. Seymour Hicks. Mr. Hicks is the champion musical comedy writer and producer. Apparently, he believes that the stereotyped musical comedy of the last decade has still many years of life. Hence the production of *My Darling*. It is bright, rather vulgar and "machine made." There are some excellent turns, the best being of a serious nature contributed by Miss Beryl Faber. The introduction of a real bit of acting in the general pandemonium is effective. It was first tried with success in *The Belle of New York*. The company work hard, and chief honours fall to Miss Barbara Deane, who sings with charm.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

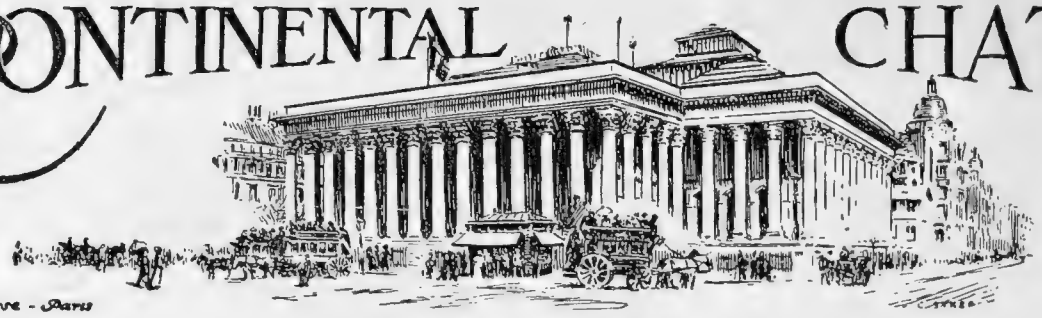
"La Cagnotte"

The season of French plays was brought to a close by a week of wildly hilarious farce. Farce is almost a dead letter upon the English stage. When it appears it is dubbed comedy, and played much too slowly. The French performers make no such mistake. Their *tempo* never sinks to *ralentando*. In consequence, one is hurried off breathlessly from one incident to another without being given a chance to realise their inherent absurdities. The play concerns the adventures in Paris of a party of country folk. They make the journey upon the proceeds of a species of slate club. Trouble first comes upon the party as the result of failing to decipher the zeros in *l'addition* after dinner at an expensive restaurant. Played in quite the proper vein, the farce compels the most sedate to laughter.

BY NORMAN MORROW



CONTINENTAL CHAT



The New Duma

It is astonishing how few Frenchmen can tell you anything about the new Duma, and yet Russia is France's oldest ally. To call them indifferent is unjust. Provided only some French Dr. Dillon would appear to pilot them through the mysteries of the different parties, no subject would interest them more. From the Russian Colony in Paris, too, no information is to be obtained—none better than they know how to keep their own counsel. The other day, in conversation with a Russian diplomat, a Frenchman asked for some details about the Duma. "Have you ever tasted a *Salade Russe*?" asked the diplomat. "If so, you cannot have a better definition of the Duma."

Although there are five principal parties, these are subdivided into twenty-three, each with a separate name and motto. One Deputy, I am told, has a party all to himself. Perhaps he belongs to the party called Tchornaia Solnia, "all for Holy Russia"—that is the only name I can remember. Whatever the precise composition of the Duma may be, it is, of course, opposed to the Government. The elections have greatly displeased the Emperor, and, it is rumoured, his Minister, Stolypin, is to resign. How long the Duma will last depends entirely on this body itself. Provided its intention is to introduce reforms which will tend to ameliorate the lives of the people, then it will be a great power in the land. On the other hand, should it show revolutionary tactics, and endeavour to give to Russians the liberty they cannot yet appreciate, we may count upon an early dissolution.

* * *

The Tsar's Boredom With Politics

It is when one takes a peep into the private life of the "Emperor of all the Russias" that the Kaiser becomes a little more sympathetic. The poor Tsar, if only he knew it, is in a labyrinth, out of which only a William Hohenzollern could find his way. The constant succession of bombs, the ever-increasing taste for Revolution, might terrify him, were he aware of it; but, thanks to his devoted sister Xenia and his Ministers, newspapers have to undergo five

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Why Nicholas II. Neglects State Affairs: The Imperial Family at play in Peterhof

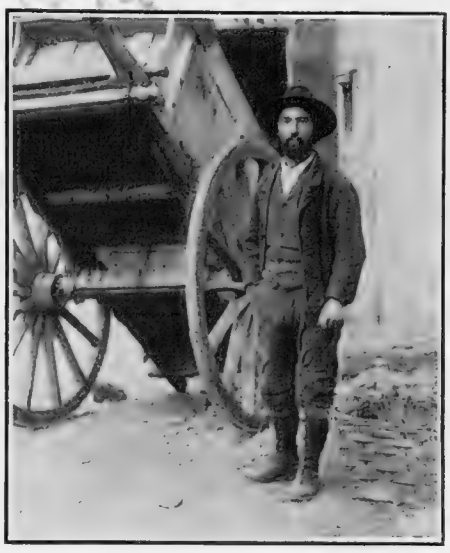
Far more interested in having a romp with his children is the "Tsar of all the Russias" than in any of the important business of State which he may be called upon to engage in. His children even have the "run" of his private study, much to the detriment of the transaction of State affairs

editions before they become his property. Often the most *banal* information is given to him type-written. That he is a helplessly weak and tottering monarch who must perforce find his equilibrium, he knows perfectly well. He sees that he must act, and it bores him to an extreme. How exasperating must it be for a people to see their chief wavering from opinion to opinion, incapable of decision! Russian atrocities seem to be a daily occurrence now. Reading of them, instinctively one conjures up mental visions of the Emperor, locked in his study, brooding over the situation and wondering what on earth is to be done. Not at all. He has absolutely no taste for politics. The latest snapshots taken by his wife and mother interest him far more than the Councils of his Ministers. He receives them each in private audience so many times a week, listens to them sleepily for an appointed time, and never even takes the trouble to sign the documents.

* * *

The "Little Angels"

To imagine the Emperor worried by affairs of State is an enormous fallacy. Within the Palace of Peterhof, surrounded by a wall at least nine feet high, and guarded by the best men in his army, there is nothing the "little Father" enjoys more than a good romp with his children. In his study they play at hide-and-seek. They run in without knocking, even when he is in conference with his Ministers, and these gentlemen must, of course, wait till the whims of the "little angels" have been gratified. Thus it was that little Tatiana found out where her father kept Kuropatkin's dispatches, and informed her governess, who was thus able to copy them and send them to England some time before her trick was discovered. Naturally, she was conducted to the frontier. Supposing one of his Ministers demands an extra interview, and it does not please His Majesty to grant it, Peter Katoff, valet and trusted friend of three successive Russian Emperors, is sent to announce the fact that "His Majesty is tired." He rarely needs to ask the Minister what is his business, for there are few of the Emperor's letters and telegrams he does not read. If, too, it does not please the valet to announce a visitor or deliver a message, the Emperor would be none the wiser. To obtain an audience with him is next to an impossibility; but there are exceptions. One gentleman relates how he went to the palace in response to an invitation from the Emperor. After he had been conducted from room to room and carefully searched, he was allowed, to his great surprise, to speak to the Emperor on the telephone. In his friend, Count Poutiatine, the Tsar has the greatest confidence. This gentleman had won the Imperial favour by the good taste he has in admiring the Empress's needlework and photographs, and the skill with which he plays tennis. This year the Emperor decided not to go to the Duma, for last year, when he made his speech, he was mortified to find that the religious respect with which he had been accustomed to be regarded had considerably diminished.



The Roman model who is in great demand among painters in Italy for pictures of Christ. That he poses with consummate art may be seen by comparing him in plain clothes with his characters

TWO WELL-KNOWN ROME MODELS

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Artists in Rome are mourning over the loss of this beautiful woman, who, for years, has been in great demand as a model for pictures of the Madonna. Recently she has been married, and her husband refuses to consent to her posing any more

* * *

The Kaiser's Success

The Kaiser attended the opening of the Reichstag with great pomp—pomp which many declared to be an anachronism. The world still continues to laugh at his eccentricities and his cult for himself, but there is no denying the fact that now, after fifteen years, his people are beginning to understand and trust him, he is at least master of his country. Whilst keeping the eyes of the nation firmly fixed upon him, he has, nevertheless, received several nasty stabs. Continually lecturing them, informing them what are his opinions on all important subjects, he has gradually been gaining force, and political Europe has not yet recovered from his last unexpected victory. He insists that his opinions shall be published, and recently, after having three times witnessed the performances of a company in which Mlle. Suzanne Duprès is principal actress, he is now giving the nation the benefit of his ideas on the beauties of the French theatre. He has also invited the Norwegian explorer Amundsen to his palace. Had Nicholas II. the time and energy to model his Government on this Germanic system, he would not only prevent a grave national error, but save his country from sure ruin.

Artistic Socialism in France

The proposed income tax still continues to excite a great deal of dissatisfaction in France. It will probably be some time before the Bill is passed. M. Camille Pelletan, ex-Minister of the Marine, journalist to the finger-tips, continues to howl out articles on the subject in the Chamber. He holds up England as an example, and, in spite of the *Entente Cordiale*, his remarks are not at all well received. Everybody knows what a huge National Debt France possesses. The figures are staggering, especially when one bears in mind the thrifty character of the French. Yet, when it comes to using the State money, no Frenchman has any scruples. Year after year, instead of paying her debts, France borrows more; there is nothing in the way of Education and Art that she can deny herself. Once upon a time, the *Salon* was the only Art festival which took place during the year. To this exhibition came all the *élite* of Paris, and every painter's ambition was to see his works there. Now there are so many other important art shows (private views do not count), that by the time the *Salon* comes round the spectator is weary. I often wonder what would become of the poor artist did not the State buy his work, and subsidise Museums to show it in. Last Tuesday, the *Petit Palais*, which, since it has been so expensively decorated and altered, is hardly recognisable, was "solemnly opened" by the President of the Republic and his suite. For some time past, the Minister of Fine Arts has wished to have a collection of modern art, so that the art students and connoisseurs may see exactly what position is taken by it. Three hundred and fifty drawings of modern artists, most of them gifts, but characteristic of the artist's work, are placed in the middle of the Hall, whilst on the walls are hanging pictures, the masterpieces of many of France's best modern artists. There is a very fine war picture by Détaille, another by the veteran artist Harpignies, and Bonnat's magnificent "Crucifixion," which no longer appeals to the State taste, is placed there till it finds a suitable home. Roll's "Idyll of Summer," Hebert's "Music," which has found its way back from America, beautiful colour-schemes by Lévy-Dhumer, and the first English picture purchased by the City of Paris, Spenlove's "Pauper's Funeral," are amongst the number. The opening of this museum will mean employment for quite a number of State officials, and in two visits I have met at least six who claim to be almost on a par with the Conservateur. It is an established fact that in the French Ministries ten men are employed to do the work of three.

The Jubilee of Professor Klinger: His statue of Beethoven

The most celebrated sculptor and painter of modern Germany, Professor Max Klinger, has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday at Leipzig. His Beethoven statue, which is executed in marble of different colours, is probably his masterpiece

Zola as Opera

Supposing Antoine suddenly decided to give up acting, he could always find employment in one of the many art museums in Paris. His taste is excellent. To the scenery in his theatre he always pays particular attention, and one scene in particular in his new play, *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, is certainly a real work of art. Critics generally speak of the scenery and music when nothing good can be said about the play. And really what could have persuaded Antoine to give us one of Zola's novels? The great writer's heavy language and uninteresting characters appear even heavier and more uninteresting on the stage, and the plot—well, who would care to relate one of Zola's plots? Paquereau's scenery and Massenet's music, only, make the play worth seeing.

* * *

Diplomatic Incidents

Of the many distinguished sons given by Ireland to the Empire, no one, perhaps, is more distinguished than the late Sir Francis Plunkett, who has just died in Paris. The youngest son of the ninth Earl of Fingall, he entered the Diplomatic Service half a century ago, and his wife, a Philadelphian lady, survives him. He was the ideal diplomat, and it will be remembered that his retirement from Vienna, which took place in 1905, was the signal for the most flattering testimonials ever extended to a *chef de mission* in a foreign country. Tokyo, Washington, Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Stockholm were amongst his most important diplomatic appointments, and at each place his suave, conciliatory manners, his tact, industry, and discretion, earned for him golden opinions. The most critical period of his career was, perhaps, during the Macedonian troubles. He then had to represent to the Court of the Dual Monarchy the views of Lord Lansdowne, and there were probably at that time few other men who could have carried through so delicate a task so successfully as did Sir Francis Plunkett. At Vienna, during the last few days, there has been a small shuffle in diplomatic appointments. Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart., a bachelor of fifty, now Councillor of Embassy at Vienna, is to be transferred, as our representative, to Santiago. His place in Vienna is to be taken by the Hon. Lancelot Carnegie (a brother of Lord Southesk), who will be succeeded as Councillor of the Legation at Peking by Mr. Stephen Leech, now first Secretary at Christiania.

ARE YOU VISITING THE CONTINENT?
If so, remember that THE BYSTANDER, besides its £2,000 Accident Insurance in the United Kingdom, insures its readers for
£1,000 against Accidents at Sea.

The Song of the Petticoats

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Gracie Leigh, who is playing in "Miss Hook of Holland" at the Prince of Wales's

As Mina, the maid of the Hook family, she is besieged by suitors, all of whose presents take the form of petticoats. On this subject she sings a charming little ditty, the refrain of which runs:—

I've a little pink "petty" from Peter,
And a little blue "petty" from John,
And I've one, green and yellow,
From some other fellow,
And one that I haven't got on.

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN

DUDLEY CLEAVER. 07.

The Gilded Youth is married, at a
Frivol

SCENE THE SIXTH

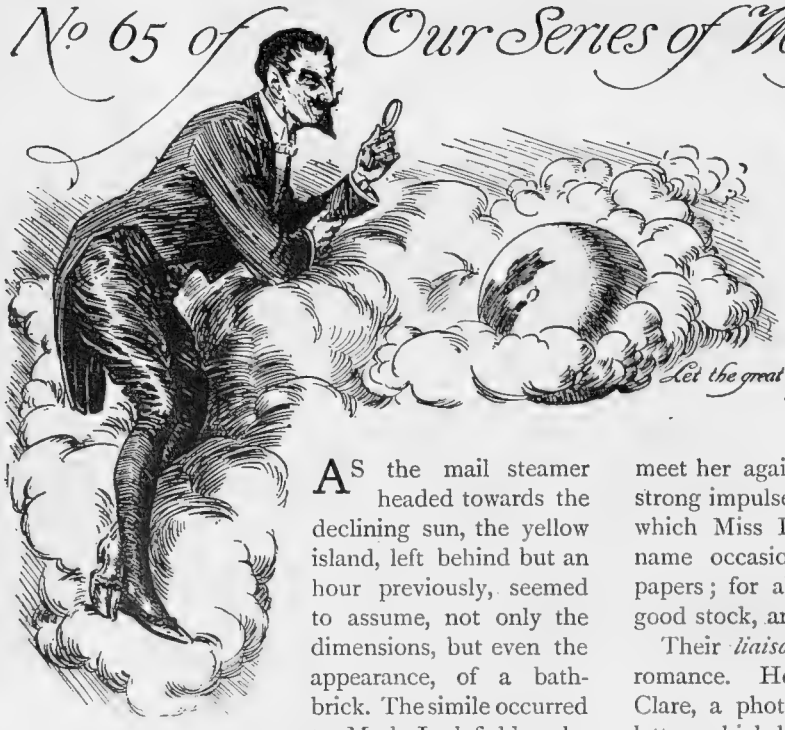
AKE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

gistry Office, to a chorus lady of the
Theatre

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

No. 65 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Unguarded Word

By CHARLES GLEIG

(Author of "The Nancy Manœuvres")

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

AS the mail steamer headed towards the declining sun, the yellow island, left behind but an hour previously, seemed to assume, not only the dimensions, but even the appearance, of a bath-brick. The simile occurred to Mark Inglefield as he leaned over the poop-rail, cigar in mouth, watching the fading island and the white ribbon of foam in the track of the steamer. For Inglefield was still an imaginative man, although recent prosperity, marriage, and four meals daily had begun to circumscribe his outlook. "Looks like a bath-brick, eh, Clare?" he remarked without glancing at his young wife. Then, with a smile, and still without looking at her, he added whimsically, "I daresay the naval men wish it was made of that useful substance."

"To use for their brass-cleaning, you mean?" inquired his wife.

Inglefield did not reply. That sort of insistence upon the obvious was a trait in Clare that slightly irritated him. Not that he ever showed it; he condoned with philosophy the defects of her sterling qualities. He fully appreciated her good breeding, her gentle disposition, her cheerfulness; perhaps, at bottom, he even admired the steadfast honesty of her nature. Still, she had the defects of her qualities; and Inglefield had not yet blunted fully the once keen edge of a rich imagination. Clare, with all her fine characteristics, was not the type of woman he had dreamed of winning as a partner for life. On the other hand, he had understood her from the first. He had not been blinded by idealising her. He even knew that she merited a higher pedestal than he had given her.

Comprehending his silence, she said rather wistfully: "Yes, of course, you meant that. They think so much of brass and ship-cleaning, don't they?"

He touched her arm with half-unconscious patronage—not meaning to be a prig, yet secretly fretted by her lack of mental alertness. The other girl—the girl whom he ought, perhaps, to have married—had been so superior to dear Clare in the quick play of wits. These memories of Phyllis Dacre still clouded his prosperous serenity sometimes, although he had been quite happily married during two uneventful years. To do him justice, he had made no effort to meet her again since his marriage. He had resisted strong impulses to attend certain social gatherings at which Miss Dacre might have been found. Her name occasionally caught his eye in the Society papers; for although poor, Phyllis Dacre came of good stock, and had relatives in the world of fashion.

Their *liaison* had been Inglefield's one unsullied romance. He still treasured, and carefully hid from Clare, a photograph, a crumpled glove, a packet of letters which he never ventured to re-read. Phyllis had flashed into his thrifty, laborious life like an impecunious sunbeam, while he was yet an unsuccessful man of thirty, and she but a girl of twenty, in her first season. He forgot Clare, and fell a-brooding over the past as his eyes rested vacantly upon the little yellow island in the immensity of blue sea. Among the newly embarked passengers whom he had noticed upon the wharf in Valetta harbour there had been one whose figure and carriage recalled Phyllis to his mind with disturbing vividness. Her face he had not seen. An impulse to examine the list of new passengers he had characteristically resisted. He had argued with himself that she was unlikely to have visited Malta. Perhaps he wanted to retain the vague hope that the Fates had arranged a meeting at last. He and Clare were returning from Cairo, and for months no mention of Miss Dacre had been made in the newspapers which he had read. She might be on board the steamer, yet, for more than an hour, he had delayed inquiry.

"You don't seem much inclined to talk!" said Clare, after a long silence.

"What shall we talk about, little woman?"

"My dear boy, you needn't humour me as if I were a child! I'll sit down and read my book, and let you dream undisturbed."

Mechanically he placed a deck chair for her and returned to the rail. His mood had changed; instead of dreaming over the past with sentimental regret, he was now in active revolt against what bunglers and the irresolute call Fate. Few of us are capable of recalling the incidents of an incomplete love affair with impartial accuracy. Inglefield, it is probable, threw the blame of their rupture mainly upon the girl. His heart still hungered for her bright beauty; mentally, too, she had left a gap in his life. Perhaps, had they actually lived together, the loss would have been endured with less suffering. The rupture had occurred in the full tide of their restless happiness.

(Continued on page 558)

(All rights strictly reserved)

A Modern Mermaid

Miss Annette Kellerman, who is now appearing as a mermaid in "The Treasure Ship" at the Hippodrome

Possibly it is in order to keep in trim for renewed attempts to swim the Channel in the coming summer that Miss Kellerman, the well-known Australian lady swimmer, is now taking the rôle of a mermaid at the Hippodrome

(Continued from page 556)

In all such sudden ruptures between lovers, the trouble is that one seldom learns the other side of the story. Time and reflection had enabled Inglefield to perceive that jealousy might have obscured his judgment. Still, he was reluctant to admit it. Accounting himself a man of some insight, he was loth to acknowledge that he had acted like a jealous fool. He persisted in persuading himself that her conduct had been inconsistent with faithfulness. Further, his rival had possessed wealth, good looks, a higher position than himself. Against all this had to be weighed the perplexing fact that Phyllis, even after the rupture, had remained unmarried. Inglefield never doubted that she could have married Battersby had she wished. And yet, in the light of her favours to himself, what proof was there that his jealousy had been groundless? At the last, he had so far lowered his pride as to write to her: "If you will solemnly swear that you are true, I will believe you." To that appeal her curt reply had been—how vividly he remembered the few words—"You have no right to doubt me—you of all men!"

So they had parted; and for months afterwards Inglefield had expected and dreaded to hear of her marriage to Battersby. He had continued to battle for a meagre income until an unexpected legacy enabled him to fling his pen into the gutter, and marry—the wrong woman. The gifts of the gods are seldom timely. Pride, resentment, doubts of Phyllis Dacre, had prevented him from meeting her again. He had hoped to forget her with the help of the frank young wife whom he respected. But he had not succeeded. Phyllis had revealed to him—how often had he told her so—a new heaven and earth. Together they had learned the meaning of Love.

A quartermaster, who had come aft to lower the patent log over the quarter, broke in upon Inglefield's reverie. He watched the bronzed-faced seaman at his task, noting the calm immobility of his expression with a certain curiosity. He represented, Inglefield thought, that enviable type of humanity that lives in the present and is exclusively concerned with the physical aspects of life. They had previously discussed ships and women during the passage from Alexandria to Malta. "Anything gone wrong, sir?" asked the sailor.

"No, Smithers, nothing recent. I suppose you don't worry much about old love affairs, eh?"

"Lord bless you, no, sir!" said Smithers, expectorating thoughtfully over the stern.

"Never had the heart-ache?" persisted Inglefield.

"Not for more than a week on end, sir. Come to reckon it out, sir, one woman's pretty much the same as another, always allowin', mind you, for the difference 'tween good and bad. There's the fly-away sort, as can't stick to one man, and there's the other pattern as can. But, 'twixt you and me, sir, neither sort ain't worth a good night's rest."

"Perhaps you're right!" sighed Inglefield. "You have all the philosophers with you, at any rate. The fact remains, Smithers, that your philosopher is generally a cold-blooded animal."

"Your good lady's making your number, sir!" said the old sailor, as he touched his cap and walked forward.

Inglefield turned about and saw that Clare was beckoning to him. A woman, whose face was hidden by a large straw hat, was seated in a deck chair conversing with her. He advanced three paces, then stopped short, battling with a tumult of bewildering emotions, among which alarm predominated. The woman was Phyllis Dacre; he was sure of her identity even before she raised her head and met his eyes. He pulled himself together with creditable self-control, and walked up to them. He owed it to Clare to conceal his agitation.

"My old school-fellow, Miss Dacre," said his wife. "My husband, Phyllis," she added, in a tone of proud proprietorship, which caused the other woman to wince and change colour.

"We've met before!" said Inglefield, with considerable presence of mind.

"Yes," said Phyllis, with a little grating laugh. "The world is very small, Mrs. Inglefield. I knew your husband slightly before you—when I lived with my aunt, Lady Wilton, in London."

Clare glanced quickly at her husband's face, but read in it nothing to confirm a momentary apprehension. Something in Miss Dacre's tone—a slight note of bitterness, perhaps—had suggested disturbing possibilities. She divined that Mark had had experiences, although he never spoke to her of pre-nuptial conquests. His very silence on that subject had long since confirmed her divination. She was sufficiently a woman of the world to condone bachelor amours. Mark was a pleasant and considerate husband. Clare loved him devotedly, but she felt always that her love was not equally reciprocated. This she recognised without sense of grievance. His affection for her had sensibly increased since their marriage. She counted upon the strength of her love to break down the intangible barrier between them.

Although not quick-witted, Clare was an observant woman. She noticed now that Mark, although he bowed low to Miss Dacre, did not offer his hand. But, perhaps, he did not like Phyllis? She was the sort of girl whom people either liked or disliked, she remembered. It had been so at the Brighton boarding-school.

Again Clare noted that her husband made a transparent excuse for betaking himself to the saloon, instead of remaining, even for a few minutes, to talk with Miss Dacre. She thought it necessary to offer a veiled apology to her old school-fellow.

"Mark is a man of moods, dear. Usually, he's very polite to pretty women. You'll probably find him more gallant after dinner."

"Perhaps he doesn't think me a pretty woman!"

"I credit him with better taste than that!" said Clare. Then, after a pause, she added: "It's amazing you haven't married, Phyllis."

"Why so amazing, after all? I've no *dot*, you know, and the rich young lords of fiction don't happen to appreciate my charms."

"Don't tell me you've had no eligible swains at your feet!" objected Clare.

"Well, then, I don't want to marry."

"Ah!" said Clare, gently, "that's quite another story." She waited expectantly, but Phyllis remained silent. They had been good friends at school. Clare felt rather chilled by the girl's reserve.

(Continued on page 560)

The 'Varsity Boat-Race

THE RIVAL CREWS WHICH WILL MEET ON MARCH 16

Photo *Moyse*

The Oxford Crew

BACK ROW: W. T. Heard (bow), G. E. Hope (3), R. M. Peat (4), C. Chadwick-Healey (spare man)
CENTRE ROW: J. A. Gillan (5), A. G. Kirby (6), H. C. Bucknall (2), A. C. Gladstone (-troke), E. H. Southwell (7)
A. W. Donkin (cox)

The Cambridge Crew at Practice at Putney

A. B. Close-Brooks (bow), J. H. F. Benham (2), H. M. Goldsmith (3), J. S. Burn (4), H. G. Baynes (5), B. C. Johnstone (6), E. W. Powell (7), R. Boyle (cox)

Both the crews have been hard at practice on the Thames during the past week for the Boat-race, which takes place on Saturday, March 16

(*Continued from page 558*)

"I think it's a pity you haven't married," she ventured.

"Do you?" returned Phyllis, almost brusquely. "I think so, too, sometimes," she added.

"Well, it's by no means too late, my dear!"

"It *is* too late!" said Phyllis, vehemently. "The man I cared for misunderstood and doubted me, quarrelled with me."

"Dear, I'm so sorry!" whispered Clare. "I see that you care for him still. Well, then, sink your pride, and call him back to you. I'll be sworn he'd come fast enough!"

"Easily said, Clare, but hard for a woman of spirit to do."

"I would do it!" said Clare.

"Would you if he had since found a wife?"

"Oh! my dear, that's a different matter. You don't really mean that he——?"

"Yes, I mean that!"

"I'm very sorry," said Clare, and the tears came into her frank blue eyes.

"I've sometimes thought," said Phyllis, frowningly, "that he'd come back, in spite of everything, if he knew I cared still."

"And leave his wife, do you mean?"

"I expect he would," said Phyllis. "He isn't what they call a good man altogether; and, between ourselves, I fancy he married because he wanted to forget."

"Don't you think it would be wicked to spoil *her* life?" asked Clare.

"Until now I have never thought so; but now—"

"It would be very hard on the wife if she loved him!" mused Clare. Then she added, "I'm not taking merely the conventional view, dear."

"I see you are not," said Phyllis. "If the woman loves him, she is entitled to every consideration. I suppose *you* love your husband?" she added, carelessly.

"Yes!" said Clare, shyly.

"Well, I knew that!" said Phyllis, with a bitter laugh. "You're a good little sort, Clare, and I hope you'll always be happy. I'm glad I told you my story. You've shown me that it would be wrong to take him away from her."

"Have I, dear?" said Clare.

"Yes!" said Phyllis, firmly. "And now let's talk of ordinary things, please. It's bad for me to recall the past. I always try now to live in the present—from hand to mouth, you know."

"How odd you should have known Mark!" said Clare, by way of a new topic.

Phyllis tapped the deck impatiently with her little foot. "The world's so small," she said. "Lady Wilton and I went to tea once or twice at his chambers in the Temple. I wanted to see what bachelor chambers were like."

"I quite envy you those visits," said Clare; "I never saw Mark's chambers. He'd given them up nearly two years before I met him."

"Ah!" said Phyllis.

"Were they nice, cosy rooms?" asked Clare. "What were they like?"

"Hasn't he ever described them to you?"

"He never cares to speak of those days when he lived in the Temple."

"Oh!" said Phyllis.

"No, I don't think he was ever a regular rake, if your 'Oh!' means that," said Clare. "He had a few love affairs, I suppose. I fancy he hated his work at that time and wasn't happy."

"Perhaps that was it!" said Phyllis, dryly.

. . . . .

During dinner Inglefield was unusually silent. Clare noticed this; also that he ate little and drank freely. Fate, working through the unconscious instrumentality of the Purser, placed Miss Dacre nearly opposite to the Inglefields. Mark watched her furtively throughout the meal. He saw no change in her beauty, except that during those two years her figure had matured, her expression had become somewhat less vivacious. When she laughed—and she laughed very frequently at the stories of the skipper—Mark lost this impression of increased maturity. She was then the same joyous, buoyant girl who had visited him by stealth in the Temple and surrendered herself to his eager passion. Memories of the dead past surged painfully in his heart. He knew now that his feeling for Clare was mere tame affection and respect, and that his passion for his earlier love had never dwindled. But he would school himself either to forget or to suffer like a gentleman—in silence. Dear little Clare had deserved every consideration. She had been a good wife to him. Easy to form such resolves, he reflected bitterly. The sole chance of keeping them was to fly temptation. And since he had made these virtuous resolutions, surely it was permissible to accept what the niggard god might offer during the homeward voyage! After they landed he would never try to meet her again. So he salved his flexible conscience. 'Tis the way of most of us!

. . . . .

Husband, wife, and Phyllis Dacre were seated on deck, apart from the other groups of passengers. The moon rode high in a starry sky, bathing the ship in silvery light. The vessel swished through the calm sea surrounded by a glow of iridescent foam. The passengers were lapped in the contentment that normally follows upon a six-course dinner. The men lay back in their chairs, smoking placidly. At times the light laughter of young girls broke the stillness of the summer night.

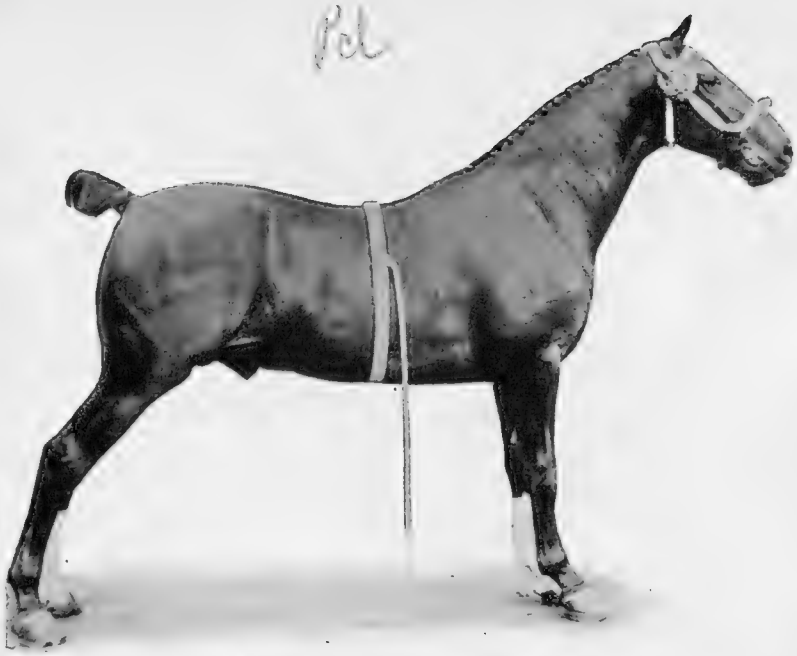
Clare had evidently taken a liking to Phyllis Dacre. The girl's hapless love affair excited her sympathy. The two women were seated side by side, looking out upon the phosphorescent sea. Inglefield faced them, feasting his eyes upon the beauty of the girl, taking little part in the talk. By degrees, his silence and the hunger of his eyes shattered conversation. Clare became aware of the constraint; noted, too, the nervous restlessness of her husband. She had no suspicion of their former relations, yet she was oppressed by a sense of vague apprehension. The silence grew unbearable. "When we get back to London," she said, suddenly, "I want you to take me to see your old chambers in the Temple."

Mark started violently, dropping his cigar upon the deck. He muttered something about his nerves and over-smoking, as he stooped to recover it.

"I think I'll go below!" said Phyllis, abruptly.

(*Continued on page 562*)

THE HACKNEY HORSE SHOW AT ISLINGTON



Mr. A. Hall's Copmanthorpe Performer

Which was the winner in the Class for Three-year-olds above 15·1 hands. Copmanthorpe Performer was a first and special winner in the Two-year-old Class last year

The twenty-third Annual Hackney Horse Show was held at the Agricultural Hall last week, and despite the gloomy prophecies of those who foretold its rapid "decline and fall" in popularity owing to the advent of the motor, this year's Show was the most successful ever held. The entries were even higher than last year, numbering 667, while the prize money amounted to over £1,700. Exhibitors were present from all parts of the United Kingdom, and America, France, and Holland

A General View of the Hackney Show at the Agricultural Hall: Judging the three-year-old stallions

The winner in the under 15·1 hands Class of Three-year-olds was Mr. W. F. Inman's Westfield Polonius

(Continued from page 560)

"It's too early yet!" objected Clare. "There's no chance of sleep until after ten o'clock."

"You've never told me about those chambers," continued Clare. "What were they like?"

"There's nothing to tell," said Inglefield, "and, besides, my dear, a description of my former chambers in the Temple would hardly be likely to interest Miss Dacre." He watched Phyllis's face as he spoke, but she would not meet his eyes. Her face was an impenetrable mask. Her self-possession stung him.

"Why shouldn't it interest her?" objected Clare. She was confident now that Mark had some reason for avoiding the subject.

"Probably Miss Dacre has never visited that grimy haunt of bachelors," returned Inglefield, "and, therefore——"

A sudden gesture of Phyllis's stopped him. She raised her hand in mute, impotent warning. Clare noted the dilation of her eyes, the alarm plainly manifested in her manner.

Mark had lied. He could not have forgotten that Phyllis had visited the chambers in company with her aunt. The lie, the girl's alarm, Mark's strange manner, all helped to enlighten an observant woman — a woman of the world, conscious of a barrier between herself and her husband.

For some moments all three were silent—moments of terrible tension. They felt that Clare had guessed their secret. An unguarded word had betrayed them, shattering the peace of the woman they had meant to shield. They watched her anxiously, wondering fearfully what Clare would do.

Just then a youth with a banjo began singing. The words floated aft to them :—

I lub a lubly gal, I do,
And I have lubbed a gal or two,
So I know how a gal should be
Lubbed; you bet I do!

Clare burst into tears. They watched her impotently, avoiding each other's eyes. Suddenly Clare regained her self-control. She laid her hand upon Mark's arm with a maternal gentleness, alike pathetic and dignified. "I understand," she said, simply; "you love her still, and I am nothing to you, Mark."

"God help me, I do!" said Mark; "but I never meant to pain you. All was over between us before I met you, Clare. She was false to me. You have always been true."

Clare was silent for some moments—moments during which she must have wrestled with the temptation to claim his allegiance by withholding the truth. Her unselfishness triumphed.

"She was not unfaithful!" said Clare, with a dry sob. "She was too proud to disprove your jealous suspicions. She—she—has more right to you than I. I'll give you up to her."

"By Heaven, you're a noble woman!" exclaimed Mark. "I was never worthy to black your shoes!"

He paid her that tribute easily; but Clare's nobility could not weigh with him against the overmastering desire to accept her sacrifice. Phyllis had risen from her chair and was bending over the stricken wife. His hopes perished as he listened to her swift decision.

"There's no happiness for me that way, Clare!" she said, in low, tense tones. "I couldn't spoil your life. After all, he had his chance, and he doubted me."

She stooped and kissed the wife upon the lips. Then, turning to Inglefield, she offered him her hand. "You know the truth now, Mark!" she said; "but it is too late. The price of happiness is still too high."

CHARLES GLEIG.

Photo **A Shake-Down for Millionaires: High-rent Flats at the corner of Park Lane and Piccadilly** [*Park*

Flats have not hitherto been associated with Park Lane, but the old order changeth. The site of the late Duke of Cambridge's residence, Gloucester House, is now occupied by a fine block of buildings, which dwarf entirely the adjoining club and residential premises, and the rents of a suite of rooms in which average £3,000 per annum

The New Appointments

The appointments of Sir R. Henn-Collins to the House of Lords and Sir H. Cozens-Hardy to the Mastership of the Rolls, if not exactly epoch-making, are perfectly sound, and perhaps the best that could have been made; but it would be difficult to say quite as much for the promotion of Mr. Justice Kennedy to the Court of Appeal. He is a distinguished classical scholar, like most of his relations, and also an accomplished commercial lawyer, but he suffers from what has once been called "hypertrophy of the conscience"; in other words, he is so anxious to do complete justice to both sides that he often finds great difficulty in coming to a conclusion at all, and many of his judgments are by no means easy to follow.

Judicial Loquacity

The new Lord Justice is also not altogether free from the now fashionable judicial complaint of talkativeness, though he possesses it in a much milder form than his two Common Law brethren, and when the time comes for Lords Justices Vaughan-Williams, Fletcher-Moulton, and Kennedy to sit together, the arguments of counsel will be conducted under considerable difficulty. Of course, no one likes a judge to sit quite silent, and occasional remarks from the Bench are of great assistance in showing what is passing through his mind, and what he regards as the most important points in the case; but it is impossible for counsel to do justice to his client's case when the thread of his argument is broken by a constant bombardment of interruptions from two or three quarters at once.

Photo *Whitlock*

Sir R. Henn-Collins

Formerly Master of the Rolls, appointed to the vacancy in the House of Lords caused by the death of Lord Davey

The New Judge

Mr. Pickford's appointment will be regarded with the strongest approval on all sides. Like Lord Justice Kennedy, he first made his reputation in Lancashire, and for many years has ranked with Mr. Justice Bigham, Mr. Justice Barnes, and Mr. Justice Walton as one of the highest living authorities on commercial and shipping law, though probably the general public only know him as junior counsel for Mrs. Maybrick and one of the representatives of this country at the inquiry into the North Sea incident. He will restore the confidence of the public in the Commercial Court, which has been rather shaken of late by the decisions of judges who have no special knowledge of commerce. The law dealt with in that Court is little more than the general custom of the mercantile community, and it is impossible for anyone, however learned in other respects, to administer it properly unless he has acquired a thorough knowledge of business, either in a merchant's office or in the course of a commercial practice at the Bar. The great majority of the legal appointments made during the last three or four years, both by Lord Halsbury and Lord Loreburn, have been an immense improvement upon what we were becoming used to a little time ago, and this last one is perhaps the best of all.

Wastrels in the City

The unbusinesslike methods of the County Council have been dinned into the ears of Londoners *ad nauseam* for a long time past, and it now appears that the City are not always free from the same reproach. When the plans for the "New Bailey" were being prepared the advice of all sorts of experts was taken, but, apparently, nobody thought of consulting the judges until the building was nearly finished. It was then found, not only that their private accommodation was quite inadequate, but also that the interior arrangements in the Courts themselves were most inconvenient. I believe that it was found possible to remedy the latter defect at the eleventh hour, but, of course, not the former.

Made in Germany

I have no doubt that the great majority of the people who assembled the other day to see the opening of the new Central Criminal Court came to see the King, or the ceremony, or both, but a curious canard which was going about the Temple and the Law Courts may have increased their number. It was rumoured that after the opening ceremony His Majesty intended to inaugurate the business of the new Courts by trying the first prisoner himself! I am by no means certain that such an action would not have been within the constitutional limits of the Royal prerogative, but one would have to go back a good many hundred years to find a precedent, and I suspect that the originator of the rumour had another potentate in his mind, and that the story ought to have been labelled "Made in Germany."

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Good Sport With Hounds

Since the disappearance of the last severe frost of the winter—I hope this will not prove to be premature—sport with hounds has reached a higher level than ever before in this much-chequered season. There has been a good serving scent on most days, and a succession of excellent runs in all parts of the kingdom has done much to compensate for the miseries occasioned by the bad weather in the middle of the season. Although the high winds characteristic of the month are not favourable to hounds, we have in certain years enjoyed some of the finest sport of the whole season during March, and very vividly do I call to mind a superb run with the Quorn from Barkby Holt on the day that Drumcree won the Grand National. Midlanders have come in for little during the present season worthy of comparison with that memorable achievement, but the doings of the past few days do not leave much room for complaint.

Fox-hunting and Its Devoted Veterans

We are reminded by the accompanying portrait of Mr. W. de Salis Filgate of the enduring attractions of fox-hunting. Here we have a typical Irish sportsman who has kept a pack of hounds for forty-seven years, and is still as anxious to show good sport to his followers as in the days of his youth Perhaps no other sport or pastime can claim its votaries for a longer period than hunting. Men who are keen riders to hounds in their young days never lose their interest in hounds and their doings. Many an octogenarian finds the sound of the horn and the cry of hounds just as musical as when he was able to hold his own with the thrusting brigade. In numerous countries we find veteran sportsmen, men who have turned the corner of three score and ten, still riding gallantly to hounds. In the Shires, for instance, we have Mr. Tailby, who has been one of the best-known figures in Leicestershire for more than half a century. To see him riding prominently

Photo *Whitlock*

The North Herefordshire Hunt: A meet at Hampton Court, Hereford

The North Herefordshire, under their new Master, Captain Richard Heygate, have enjoyed the most successful season for many years past

With the Louth Hounds

The Louth Foxhounds: A rush for the gate

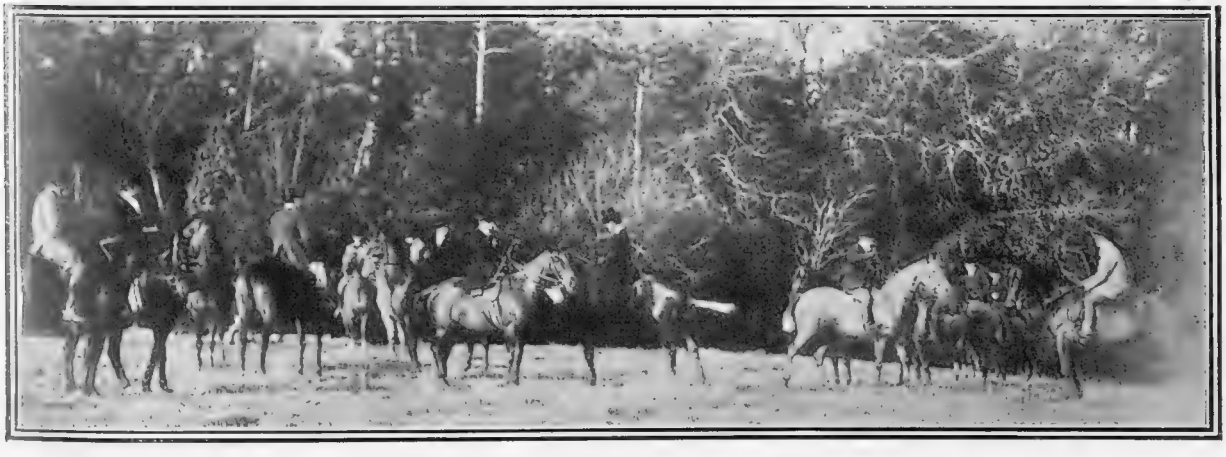
even now, it is difficult to realise that as far back as 1856 he was Master of the country at present hunted over by Mr. Fernie's Hounds. Few hunts, indeed, are without their devoted "oldest followers," whose vigour and keenness furnish eloquent testimony to the health-giving powers and inexhaustible attractions of the chase. A notable example was the late Mr. John Lawrence, for more than seventy years Master of Foxhounds, who hunted until he could never dismount from his horse without assistance. Shortly before his death, he remarked, "Although I am now unable to ride to hounds, their music is very, very dear to me."

The Louth M.F.H.: Mr. W. de Salis Filgate

Who has been Master since 1860

The Two Senior Masters

Lord Portman and Mr. Filgate are the senior Masters of England and Ireland respectively. The former was first called upon to assist his father as Field Master of the pack that bears his name two seasons before Mr. Filgate took over the leadership of the Louth. These veteran M.F.H.'s are alike in still attending personally to every detail of their hunt establishments. They are as keenly alive to the responsible nature of their duties as when they first assumed the command, even such a matter as sending out the weekly cards of meets having their personal attention. It is said that, during all the years that Mr. Filgate has kept hounds, he has never missed a single day with them, nor has he ever changed the date of a meet for his own convenience; a record of which he is justly proud. The Filgates have held Lissrenny (where the hounds are kennelled) from father to son or from brother to brother ever since the day when their Cromwellian ancestor settled down on the grant of land in Co. Louth. The Master hunts five days a fortnight with about forty couples of hounds, and though not so fashionable as the neighbouring Meath, it is a thoroughly sporting country.



A Meet of the Louth Hunt: At the covertside

With the exception of Lord Portman, who has been Master of the Hunt which bears his name since 1858, the Louth are distinguished by having had the same Master for the last forty-seven years. During this long term of office, Mr. Filgate has never missed a day with his hounds

The Coming International Horse Show

Messrs. Armour's fine team, which will be seen at the International Horse Show

For the Great International Horse Show, which opens at Olympia on June 7, Messrs. Armour, the famous Chicago packing firm, are sending over their magnificent team of grey Percherons. This splendid display of horseflesh (used, of course, for purposes of traction) will be only one of the many features of the Show. A tremendous prize list has been issued, and teams are being entered from all parts of the world

With the North Herefordshire

The North Herefordshire Hounds, which appear among our illustrations this week, have had rather bad luck during the past decade in losing a succession of good Masters, not because of any fault on the part of the country, but merely because the sportsmen in question have had more important packs offered to them. That, of course, is one of the inevitable drawbacks of having an M.F.H. who comes as a comparative stranger to the country, and has no landed interest to keep him there. Happily, the North Herefordshire have at length secured a local leader in the person of Captain Richard Heygate, in whose eminently capable hands the destiny of the pack seems to be assured for many seasons. On the other side of the Welsh border the Pembrokeshire Hunt have been fortunate enough to find one of their own members willing to follow Lord Kensington. The newly elected Master is Mr. Ernest Allen, of Clarbeston Grange, who takes over the duties which his father admirably carried out thirty years ago.

Concerning the Great Horse Show

Whether or not the fact has as yet been generally realised, I venture with some confidence to predict that the International Horse Show, which opens at Olympia on June 7, will be the grandest thing of its kind ever organised within our time. The list of English, American, and Canadian directors, as well as those representing the Continent, is ample assurance that the whole affair will be capably managed. No effort is being spared to get the finest horses in the world into the show-ring, and I have every confidence in the success of the ambitious scheme. I fancy the Show will be one of the best social functions of the season, for it falls between the Epsom and Ascot meetings, a time when everyone is in Town; and many of the best-known American people are coming over specially for the occasion. A stupendous prize list has just been issued in English, French, and German, the total amount offered in awards being abou £7,500. Competition in all classes is open to the world.

What We Shall See at Olympia

Horses of nearly every type are provided for in this remarkable prize list, from hunters, hackneys, and stately Shires down to the London cab-horse and the coster's humble moke. Messrs. Armour and Co. are sending over their magnificent team of six grey Percherons, of which we are enabled to reproduce a striking picture. These Chicago horses are the champions of their type in America, and we shall see them here competing with the best of the brewers' dray-horses so generally admired in the London streets. Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt is entering thirty horses, including his famous team of greys, and the "Venture" coach, and accompanying them will be a small army of grooms and strappers, with many carriages and show-traps. Mr. Vanderbilt, indeed, is supporting the scheme most whole-heartedly, and has taken a stud-farm near London for the greater part of the year, where his horses will be allowed to become acclimatised in some measure before being exhibited. Mr. E. T. Stotesbury, the Philadelphian banker, will probably bring his fine trotters; and another competitor will be Heatherbloom, who won the Championship High Jump in America, covering 8 ft. 2 in. The jumping at Olympia, by the way, will be managed by M. A. Dupuich, of Brussels, a gentleman who arranges all the jumps at the best Continental shows, and this section, which receives £1,270 of the prize money, promises to be one of the greatest and most popular of the many attractions. What about your motor shows now, ye motorists? It is the turn of the horse this time, and no mistake. A. W. C.

Unearthed from the Kingston 'Quake

ADVENTURES OF "THE BYSTANDER" IN THE WEST INDIES (AND ELSEWHERE)

"THE BYSTANDER" IN THE JAMAICAN EARTHQUAKE

Sent by Lieut. C. H. B. Pridham, Up Park Camp, Jamaica, who says: "This group, shown in the ruins of the officers' quarters at Up Park Camp, Kingston, was engaged in looking for lost kit covered by the *débris*, when a copy of The Bystander was unearthed. This building, in common with the rest of the barracks, was totally wrecked in the recent earthquake"

Sent by Mr. Harry S. Long, c/o A. W. Gardner and Co., Kingston, Jamaica. The reader is seated on the mangled remains of a printing press after the earthquake and a consequent fire. It is interesting to note that even in such a comparatively small town as Kingston, two copies of the paper were to be found among the ruins

In the Land of Golden Oranges

Sent by Mrs. Torrens Pratt, Ontario, California. The photograph was taken early in the New Year, and gives an excellent idea of luscious orange trees abounding in California

In the Seamen's Hospital, Smyrna

Sent by Miss G. Williamson, British Seamen's Hospital, Smyrna, who says: "This photograph was taken in the corridor of the British Seamen's Hospital, Smyrna. Our patients, the centre one of whom, in this picture, is holding the paper, are very fond of getting hold of The Bystander, whether they can read it or not"

Most of the photographs sent us by readers in out-of-the-way parts have been republished in an interesting booklet, which can be obtained on application, enclosing a halfpenny stamp to defray cost of postage, to the Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis St., E.C.

THE LIBRARY

Novels to Order This Week

"The Hill of Dreams." By Arthur Machen. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)
"The Artistic Temperament." By Jane Wardle. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"Susan." By Ernest Oldmeadow. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

An Inglorious Quixote

To be able to summarise, and to comment coherently upon, Mr. Arthur Machen's *The Hill of Dreams* (E. Grant Richards: 6s.) is to confess oneself unfit to have read it. Only a hidebound Philistine could have borne, for 309 pages, the company of its hero, Lucian Taylor, and have remained fit for his duties. Lucian is a man *distrait*, but so beautifully *distrait* that it is only a common tribute to his creator to confess oneself infected by his distraction. He is the delicately futile son of a country parson, to whom life is but a mystic panorama. A Quixote without purpose or energy, a creature with "fairy blood," who lacks the sense of humanity, an alien and a stranger amongst citizens, he glides sub-conscious through life. Having an "inhuman love of art" he writes hopeless books, "wastes his time" in profitless wanderings and introspections—a "human faun strayed from the vineyards and olive gardens." In compensation for the utter futility of his existence is his odd faculty of converting into picturesque symbols the hideous everyday factors of life. The pangs of disgust with which the average "cultured" creature suffers such enormities as Saturday night in the suburbs, Sunday's dinner, village snobbism, Philistine criticism, Lucian, thanks to his obsession, is spared. He walks through them all, wondering, till by death he is transferred to the only possible Republic for his citizenship. More as to the book I dare not say for fear of being tangible, and thus polluting the atmosphere of *The Hill of Dreams* for those who shall be about to breathe it—I hope with unutterable consequences.

Photo *Pestel*

Mr. Arthur Machen

Whose "The Hill of Dreams" (E. Grant Richards: 6s.) is a remarkable and fascinating story of a dreamer's contact with real life

"The Artistic Temperament"

A decidedly clever novel—strongly satirical, and yet searching in its human interest, is *The Artistic Temperament* (Alston Rivers: 6s.). The author's name is given as "Jane Wardle," and ere half a dozen pages have been passed, the joke will be appreciated. That so close a study of the young-man temperament, the young-man outlook, and the young-man phraseology could have come from a woman at all is improbable; that it could come from a lady named "Jane" is incredible. The young man herein searched is an average artist of the latter-day *genus*—clever, of course, but sceptical; clear-cut in form, and in manner and speech conventional. Called to the suburban house of an old school friend, who commissions him to paint the portrait of his pretty young wife (Delia), Stephen succumbs to her charms, despite the fact that he is affianced to another girl of higher degree and undoubted worth and charm. The love story is told with technical finish, betokening masculine experience. The sketches of suburban society—the husband, stern, sound John Blaicklock; vulgar and bibulous Mr. Jennings; Mr. Manfield, the cultured clerk who "clips things" from the literary weeklies—these are exceedingly good, and as true to life as though penned by a new Dickens. What is even better, suburban life is satirised with gentlemanly good-nature, and without a suspicion of that snobbishness which characterises the average novel dealing with this social phase. The studio life of the hero is equally convincing in its fidelity. That, however, the author throws on the "artistic temperament" any specially lurid light is scarcely to be said. True, Stephen is an artist, but that he should glide into a *liaison* with the wife of another is not specially characteristic of the "temperament." The same thing could be, and is constantly being, done by persons anything but artistic. So far as the possession of a "temperament" is concerned, there are few city clerks who could not display more of it in an intrigue than our artist, who is coolness and calculation personified, who has little or none of the expected *abandon* of the artist of popular imagination. He bungles his elopement with Delia; is detected by her husband at the outset of his flight, and—crowning exposure of his pretence to a "temperament!"—he yields finally to the reasoned entreaty of his beloved's legal possessor, and surrenders, in the most laudable fashion, to the forces of rectitude. If there is one memorable appeal in the book, it is that made, on the moonlit cliffs of Newhaven, by the husband, John Blaicklock (in a cap and frock coat!), to the errant pair, in which, in the manner of Sir Charles Wyndham in the third act of a problem play, he appeals successfully to the common-sense and the worldly wisdom of each in turn, and convinces them that "it really isn't worth it!"

"Susan"—and Another

The point to be noted about *Susan*, by Ernest Oldmeadow (E. Grant Richards: 6*s*.), is that Susan is not the heroine. Though the picture of a very sweet-faced lady's-maid bedecks the cover, nobody who knows Mr. Oldmeadow's methods could really have supposed that he had descended to such depths of British humour as to write a book entirely about a domestic servant. The story is told in diary form, the diarist being Susan's young unmarried mistress. Therein we learn that Susan has a distant admirer—a real live lord—whom she, on her mistress's advice, allows to correspond with her. The mistress, during a month spent in France, writes Susan's replies for her, but constant practice in the art, coupled with a sight of the young lord's photograph, gradually results in her falling herself in love with him. Susan, at first eager for the affection of the young nobleman, subsequently begins to drop out of the transaction on finding him to be "silly" (*i.e.* possessed of a certain philosophy and humour). Her difficulty is her mistress's opportunity. In Susan's name, her letters become more impassioned until—suddenly—the young lord turns up in person, with the consequences to be expected, though on no account here to be divulged. In this little story, Mr. Oldmeadow makes a decided step forward in the technique of fiction—his *début* last year with "The North Sea Bubble" will be remembered—and shows himself to combine a dainty style with an expert knowledge of little human intimacies.

An Illustrated Boswell

Messrs. Pitman are publishing in twelve monthly parts an illustrated and newly edited issue of *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (1*s*. net per part). The first of the series, indeed, inspires a desire to subscribe for the remainder. Not that, as a lover of Boswell, I thirst for any newer edition than Croker's—eternally advertised by the lucid damnation of Macaulay. I should, personally, never wish to refer to any other than the supremely dull and supremely dusty remnant of the issue by Mr. Murray, in 1853, which lies on my bottom shelf. A brightened up Boswell! As bad, almost, as a brightened up Bible, with photographs inset, and a frontispiece by Mr. Sime. Nevertheless, as a purely pictorial work, Messrs. Pitman's publication is decidedly to be possessed. The engravings of Old Lichfield, Birmingham, Oxford, and Old London are delightful as reminders that there was once, in this country, an architecture. The fact that the letterpress accompanying the illustrations is Boswell's can be ignored.

"Grove"—M. to P.

The third volume of "Grove"—*i.e. The Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, edited by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, is published by Messrs. Macmillan. The range of the subjects treated is infinite. People not musicians would scarcely, perhaps, credit the wide diversity of topics classified under, say, the single letter "M"—with which the new volume begins. Music itself, of course, has that initial, and so also have two of its greatest disciples—Mozart and Mendelssohn. But we also have Meyerbeer, Mac Dowell, Macfarren, Mackenzie, Manns, Malibran, the career of every one of whom has points of interest. As to "subjects," what more diversified than "Mass," "Magnificat," "Madrigal," "Manchester," Modulation, Modes, Messiah! The musician could be left alone for hours with a volume of "Grove." V. C.

Photo] **Calm After Storm! Moonlight over the still waters at the Hook of Holland** [*Rev. Charles Courtenay*

Those who, now and henceforward, regard the Hook of Holland as a place of disaster and death, and vessels going near it as running to certain doom, may be reassured by the above, which was taken a week or so after the wreck of the *Berlin*, and shows a very different condition of affairs to that of the fatal Thursday

Golf Notes and Notions

Some Reflections and a Moral

It is not my purpose to go into any description of the tournament recently held at Cannes under the beneficent auspices of the Grand Duke Michael, that kindly Mæcenas who has done so much for golf on the Riviera. It was not my good fortune to bask in the Sunny South instead of braving the chills and ills of our winter climate, and I must perforce content myself with extracting whatever moral this most recent example of what I must term "gladiatorial golf" may seem to me to contain. The old cry of *panem et circenses* might nowadays be rendered into "football and golf." What the show element has done for football we all know. There has been, in these last few years, an unhappy tendency in the same fatal direction in the ranks of golf. The fatal moment for a game arrives when people prefer to see it played by others rather than play it themselves. Happily, this moment will come to golf with much greater difficulty than to any other game, for it cannot be watched by a seated crowd.

Professional Competitions

Truth to tell, however, we have had too much of the exhibition business in golf. Is it not time that we allowed the professionals to settle down to the real business of their life? This does not, and cannot, consist in playing an extended series of exhibition matches and tournaments all over the country. Such a source of livelihood may dry up at any moment and leave those who had come to depend on it stranded. The true business of the professional golfer must surely be his connection with some club on whose course he plays and teaches the game and for whose members he makes clubs and balls. Through that connection he can appeal to a wider public for the sale of his wares, while the numerous legitimate professional competitions throughout the year will enable him to make, increase, or retain his reputation as a practical exponent of the game. But, it may be said, what concern is this of yours? Surely the professionals know their own business best; hadn't you better leave the matter to them? This is the obvious retort, and I should agree with my imaginary objector if the professionals were alone involved. But there are far higher interests at stake than the mere income of the leading professionals, who are reaping the rich harvest provided for them by their many admirers and supporters throughout the world. After all, the game, in its widest aspect, is what we must all endeavour to fix our minds upon.

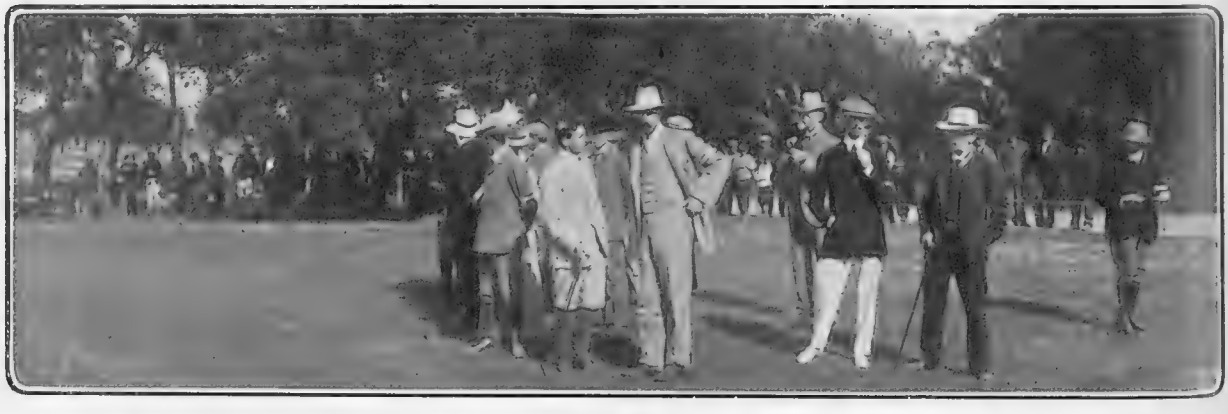
Killing the Goose that Lays the Golden Eggs

I do not believe that the best interests of the game are served by this excessive attention to the play of the leading professionals. It must, in the end, introduce a disruptive element into the game, and disturb the balance which has hitherto so happily been preserved between the amateurs and the professionals. Far more than this, I also believe that it will not ultimately conduce to the best interests of the professionals themselves. More players and more pupils ought to be the object of their endeavours. If they foster the love of watching the game instead of playing it, they will, in a sense, be killing the goose with the golden egg. As I have pointed out in a former article, the danger will arise—if it has not already arisen—that clubs will content themselves with a green-keeper and a skilled club-maker and repairer, and will cease to appoint the leading professionals, leaving these latter dependent on the precarious living afforded by exhibition matches and tournaments. Then the day will come when they will be in the same case as Lafontaine's unhappy grasshopper. Meantime, the relations between amateurs and professionals would inevitably become strained, and the game in its best and truest aspects would suffer.

In the Welfare of the Game

Such are some of the considerations which have been suggested to my mind by the latest example of the *circenses* element, and I have spoken out of no hostility to the professionals, but impelled by a true desire for their permanent welfare, and for the sake of the interests of the great game which we all, professional or amateur, love and desire to maintain in its purest and best form.

ERNEST LEHMANN.



H. L. Doherty, the lawn-tennis champion, and the Grand Duke Michael (in the centre) chatting at the Cannes Tournament

During the course of the Professional Golf Tournament at Cannes, organised by the Grand Duke Michael, one of the official scorers was H. L. Doherty, the lawn-tennis champion. He marked the card of Arnaud Massey and Rowland Jones in their record round of 66, which won the prize in the four-balled foursomes

Billiards Made Easy

Between the man who plays billiards and the billiard-player there is all the difference in the world. To the one, billiards is a game full of almost insuperable difficulties; to the other, it is a game full of almost endless possibilities, some of which have only to be discovered in order to enable the player (given, of course, the requisite amount of skill) to go on scoring with absolute certainty until he breaks down through sheer fatigue, or through carelessness, engendered by the monotony of his task. The latest of these possibilities is the "anchor" stroke—as it is now most generally termed—first brought into prominence only a short while back by the ex-amateur champion, W. A. Lovejoy, and already the main factor in the establishment of a record break, under Billiard Association Rules, of 1,269, as well as of a record of 521 consecutive cannons, made by T. Reece at Thurston's on March 5. When a stroke of this kind is evolved, it would seem that the only thing to be done is to bar it, not because it constitutes an evasion of the rules, but because it tends to reduce the game to a farce. For this reason the spot stroke—to quote only one other instance—had to be barred, and it certainly is a drawback of the game that the performances of its best all-round exponents are liable to be overshadowed by those of others who have specialised in exposing its weaknesses, rather than illustrating its beauties. Roberts was a finer player than Cook (to say nothing of Ives), and Stevenson, despite Reece's admittedly wonderful record, is probably the greatest player of to-day.

Oxford's First Lacrosse Win

Although the 'Varsity Lacrosse match is only five years old, it is worth recording that Oxford have won it for the first time since its institution in 1903. Lacrosse is a recognised game only at a comparatively few schools, and Cambridge owed her earlier successes to the fact that Leys School (whose scholars, if they go to the 'Varsity at all, go to Cambridge) was one of the first schools, if not the first, to take up the game. Other juvenile strongholds of the game are St. Paul's and the Manchester and Liverpool schools, which have supplied players to both Universities, while Oxford has profited more and more year by year by the presence of the ubiquitous Rhodes Scholar (Lacrosse, be it remembered, is a Canadian game), and has thereby gradually been

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Beating the Billiard Record: Reece making his record of 1,269 last week

In every country where people play billiards the new record made by Reece is being discussed. Our photograph shows Reece playing the famous anchor stroke, first brought into prominence by Lovejoy, the use of which enabled this score to be made. Inman, his opponent, is standing to the right. The photograph in the corner shows the position of the balls in making the anchor cannon

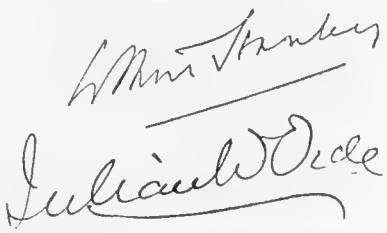
enabled to get on terms with Cambridge. To Oxford's winning team on the 5th, Oklahama, Ohio, Melbourne, Kansas, Adelaide, and Vancouver each supplied a man; two came from St. Paul's, and one each from Manchester G.S., Liverpool, Rugby, and Charterhouse. Cambridge, on the other hand, contained no fewer than eight Old Leysians, the remaining four places being filled by Rugby, Merchant Taylors' School, Prince Alfred's College (South Australia), and Manchester G. S. The match was played at Oxford, and, apparently, in future it will take place at Cambridge and Oxford in alternate years. I must confess that I do not like this arrangement. Even if it did not receive the support which it merited when played in London, it is contrary to 'Varsity tradition for a 'Varsity match to be played anywhere but on strictly neutral ground.

Military Racquets: The H.L.I. Win Again

The victory of the holders, Balfour-Bryant and Bramwell-Davis, in the Military Racquets Doubles Championship was quite in accordance with anticipation; for, apart from the fact that they combine well, they are both fine players individually, and possess that thorough knowledge of the game which is so valuable in an important contest. The pair have now won this Championship six times running, and in 1901 it was won by Balfour-Bryant and P. Balfour, so that the 2nd Batt. Highland Light Infantry has the remarkable record of seven consecutive wins.

THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

1907.



The Cover of the Menu of the Royal Automobile Club's Dinner last Friday

At the annual dinner of the Automobile Club, held at the Hotel Cecil last Friday, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., made the announcement that His Majesty had conferred a signal honour on the Club by changing its title to the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. On the cover here reproduced will be seen the signatures of Mr. Stanley and Mr. Orde, the Club secretary

A Revelation at Richmond

Finely as the backs played in the Oxford and Scottish match at Richmond on Saturday, the forwards were the real heroes of the match, for it was their skill in getting the ball and their clean heeling which gave the backs their many opportunities, and it was quite astonishing to see the redoubtable Scottish pack overshadowed in all the points at which they excel. I don't know what would have happened if the Scottish had had McLeod and Schulze, but I doubt whether even they would have been able every time to defeat the strong, straight running and clever combined passing of the Oxford halves and threes, of whom Vassall was perhaps the best. Davies gave a particularly fine display at back.

A full report and special drawings and photographs of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race next Saturday will appear in the "Daily Graphic" on Monday, March 18.

Lieutenant H. Balfour-Bryant

Lieutenant Bramwell-Davis

THE ARMY RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP: WINNERS OF THE DOUBLES

The Military Racquets Doubles Championship again ended in a victory for the holders, Balfour-Bryant and Bramwell-Davis (Highland Light Infantry). The runners-up were the 1st Life Guards pair, Astor and Guest, who beat last year's runners-up, Mott and Lee (4th Batt. King's Royal Rifles). The winners have now won the Championship six times running

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE,
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BASILDON HOUSE, BANK, LONDON, E.C.,
Bureau de Renseignements à Paris, 32, Avenue de l'Opéra,
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Anturic Bath Salts can and *do* cure Gout. We have seen this proved in so many thousands of cases that we positively guarantee it to relieve you, or we will refund your money. "Anturic" Bath Salts act in the natural way. They draw the uric acid out of your system through the pores of the skin. No drugs to take—no dieting necessary—no plasters or liniments required. The warm, pleasant Anturic Bath alone surely and completely rids you of all your pain. Begin to-day. The treatment is quite harmless and we give you your money back if it fails.

For a mild attack of Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica or any uric acid disease, three or four tins of Anturic Salts should be sufficient. Where, however, the disease is one of long standing, four times this quantity may be required, **but a few baths in either case will afford relief.** Should no benefit result, send us a certificate to this effect from your medical adviser, also the lids of the tins you have used, together with a receipt from the Chemist from whom they were bought, and we will refund your money.

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Royal Commission

In the House of Lords, an interesting debate has taken place on the Report of the Royal Commission on London Traffic. The problem of dealing in an intelligent manner with the traffic in and about London's area is becoming most pressing. When the Commission began its sittings, the motor-'bus industry was in its infancy. To-day there are nearly one thousand motor-'buses in London, and the demand still exceeds the supply. Meanwhile, the streets of London are quite unable to satisfy the needs of ordinary passenger traffic, let alone commercial vehicles. Probably, some day a competent Traffic Board will grapple with the problem, and we shall have some system of shallow subways for heavy traffic. The Government's attitude at present is one of *non possumus*—because there are other more important reforms demanding attention! True, Lord Granard stated that the Government intended to deal with the question of cheap trains for workmen in the course of a few weeks. In my ignorance, I fancied that about enough had been done for the working man in the matter of cheap trains. Probably to neglect the real necessities of the community in order to provide the working man with a few extra cheap trains is good political business, but it disgusts one with the methods of politicians.

Car-icature—No. XVII.: Mr. Roger W. Wallace, K.C.
The first Chairman of the A.C.G.B. and I. He was also the originator of the Considerate Driving Committee. He is an authority on the subjects of Electrical Engineering and the Patent Laws, and besides being a motorist is an enthusiastic golfer and a good shot
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

A Substitute for the Carburettor?

A new method of completely vaporising petrol for use in internal combustion engines is discussed in the *Car*. It consists of a cylinder containing specially prepared grids, which deal with the petrol and air in such a manner as to maintain a regular supply of perfectly carburetted "mixture" to the engine, which, upon ignition, it is claimed, will give such absolute combustion that a saving of about 30 per cent. in fuel is attained. Besides this, the arrangement has the further advantage that there is no attention or adjustment of any sort required, and ordinary float-feed carburettor troubles are to become things of the past. A comparative consumption test took place recently at the Aster Works, Wembley, of this new apparatus against an ordinary Longuemare carburettor. A 10-12 h.-p. two-cylinder Aster engine and motor was used with these differing results: With the Longuemare carburettor, one gallon petrol lasted 44½ minutes, the revolutions being between 1,100 and 1,230 per minute; the new substitute was then put in place of the other, and only 1¾ gallons petrol were consumed in 2 hrs. 1 min., the revolutions per minute being the same. The apparatus is being put forward as "W. S. Sargeant's Power Vapour Container."

* * *

Motor-Boaters

The motor-boat is going steadily forward. For the Monaco Regatta meeting, no less than ninety-five boats are entered, including over twenty racing boats. The recent motor-boat racing in Florida was very successful, especially Commodore Schroder's *Dixie*, which is credited with establishing a new record for the mile. It has now been entered for the British International Cup in July. Meantime, the Motor Yacht Club has issued its annual report for 1906, which shows the club is flourishing. For the coming season, the club yacht at Southampton, *The Enchantress*, is undergoing various alterations. She has been linked up with the shore by telephone, and the dining accommodation is being increased by flooring the old engine and boiler-room and matchboarding it. Sleeping cabins can be booked for the wives, sisters, and daughters of members. Altogether, indications show that the motor-boat enthusiast will only want a fine summer to enjoy himself thoroughly.

* * *

Renard

Several readers have written on the subject of the Renard Road Train, which was dealt with fully last week. With one exception, all my correspondents agree with the view which was taken on the subject

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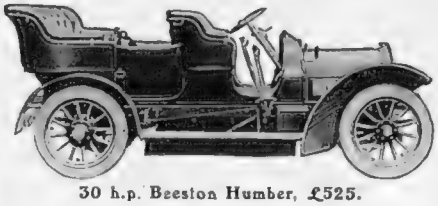

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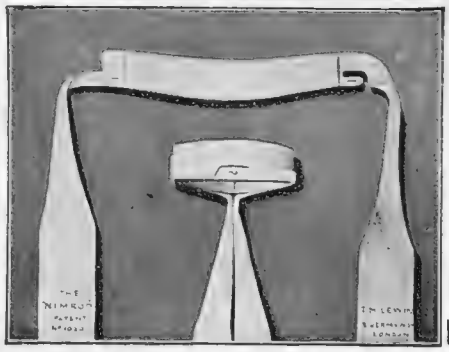

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"It fits the neck so closely, and yet so comfortably, that it is always taut and tidy."

T.M.Lewin, 18 Jermyn St. LONDON.W.

Ready for the First Edition: The "Glasgow News" Fleet of Argyll Cars

Some time ago the *Glasgow News* placed an order with Argyll Motors, Ltd., for the construction of seven cars, specially designed for the conveyance of newspapers, and their full motor delivery in connection with their Express Service to the various districts of the city is now in full force

of the roads being used for passenger and goods traffic by a heavy train. The one exception welcomes any means which will fetch and carry goods and passengers to places not well catered for by railway enterprise. "The sooner the monopolies of the railway companies are threatened the better for all parties," says he. "If such systems as the Renard Train and others had been in full swing there would never have been a coal famine this winter, while farm produce would be cheaper to the consumer and more profitable to the grower, who would obtain extended markets." There is a good deal in all this I am bound to admit. The railway systems have failed largely to act as collectors and forwarders, while their charges are heavy. I should like to discuss this subject at length another week, but, meantime, all I can say is, if all our highways are made channels for heavy goods traffic, Heaven forfend I should live anywhere near one!

* * *

Miscellanea

The Commercial Vehicles Exhibition at Olympia is a very interesting one, and visitors should not miss the smaller Hall, which is devoted to motor launches. The Argyll stall in the vehicle portion shows one of the Argyll cars built for the *Glasgow News*, seven of which are now being used by the proprietors. Sturmey, Ltd., have a van, price £195, which can be driven on kerosene oil at 7*d.* a gallon. Space forbids our dealing further with the many interesting exhibits this week.

The route for the Scottish Reliability Trials has been issued. The cars will cover 754 miles in five days.

Re the discussion on Borneo Spirit, I tried four gallons of it on a small-powered Humber car, and found it answer admirably. The only difficulty experienced was in starting, but, were the carburettor adjusted, I believe this would be at once overcome.

The gentleman who charged double fares for motors going and returning over Langstone Bridge was found to have acted illegally, and mulcted in costs.

On Friday night, at their annual dinner, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., announced, amid prolonged cheers, that His Majesty the King had been pleased to command that in future the A.C.G.B. and I. be known as the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE Club.

Car-icatures—No. XVII.: Mr. Roger W. Wallace, K.C.

A keen lawyer, an all-round sportsman, and possessed of the precious gift of organisation, Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., the subject of this week's BYSTANDER car-icature, will long be remembered as the first chairman of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Since its inauguration towards the end of 1897, Mr. Wallace has seen the A.C.G.B. and I. increase in importance and influence, until now its membership roll, which carries over 3,000 names, is greater than that of any other automobile club in the world. Mr. Wallace has taken a prominent part in the constant efforts put forward by the Club to allay public prejudice against automobilists, and he was the originator of the Considerate Driving Committee of the governing body. He is a recognised authority on most matters relating to electrical engineering science. At the Bar, Mr. Roger Wallace has made a special study of Patent Laws. Like many other motoring men, Mr. Wallace is an enthusiastic golfer and an excellent shot. He is never happier than when engaged in the pursuit of healthy outdoor pastimes.

A General View of the Commercial Motor Exhibition at Olympia

The exhibition of motor vehicles and motor boats was opened by the Lord Mayor at Olympia on Thursday last

A Remarkable Book on the Preservation of Health

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on hygienic science and health questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says, "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid, and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease.

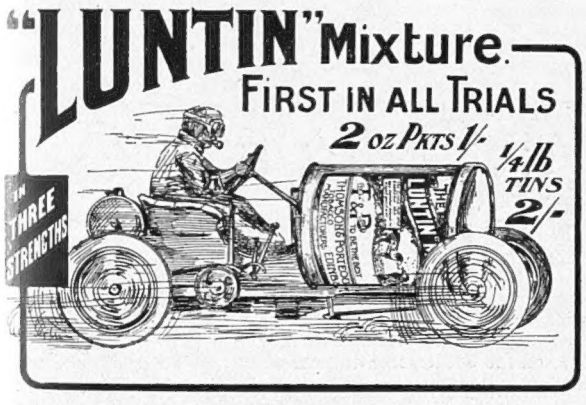
"Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately, the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen."

How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the Doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements, one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "its composition is well known; otherwise medical men would not prescribe it."

What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the tissues compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of his to the literature of health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary.

A limited number of complete specimen copies of "The Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention THE BYSTANDER in sending his name and address to the publishers, F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

[Sanatogen, the therapeutic nutriment alluded to by Dr. Andrew Wilson in the book named above, has probably been put to more severe and searching analyses and tests than any other specific of modern years, and the result, as declared by the unanimous voice of the medical Press, is to place the preparation quite in the forefront of all nerve tonics. *The Medical Times* says: "It is probably in cases of weakening or exhaustion of the nervous system, accompanied by various forms of mental and bodily inefficiency, that Sanatogen proves most useful."]



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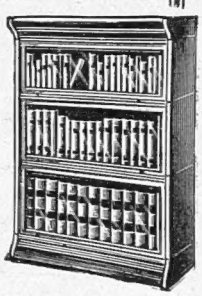

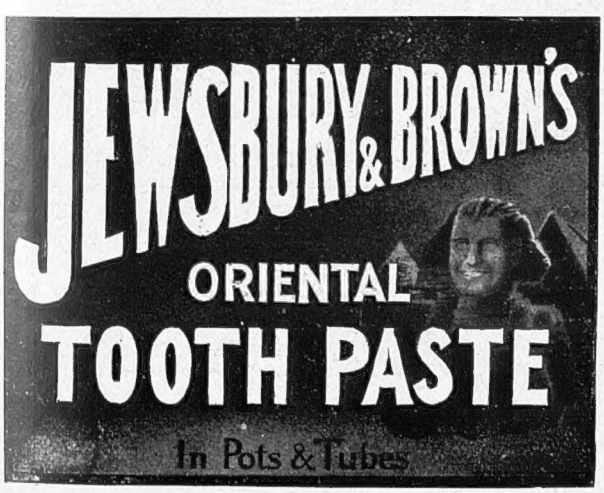

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DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.
In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Spring Bedding

In spite of the popularity of the mixed border, bedding has not yet gone out of fashion, and where it is practised on a large scale, as in the grounds at Warwick Castle, it involves a vast amount of labour. Though it is not difficult to select good bulbs and to cultivate them properly, there is always the chance that some may not realise expectations, and always the risk of accidents; and the beds of hyacinths and tulips must be examined at intervals, and inferior plants removed so soon as they show their defects, their places being filled with others specially grown for the purpose. If these precautions were neglected, the perfect symmetry, which is a feature of Spring bedding, would be impossible. Formerly, a thin layer of litter was used to protect the more delicate plants, but cocoa-nut fibre is now generally used instead. It is cleaner and looks neater. The worst of Spring bedding is that, as the bulbs must be lifted before their foliage withers, in order to make room for their successors, they are seldom fit for any other purpose except to plant on the outskirts of the shrubbery or in the wild garden. For, where complete and natural development is allowed, the flowers are formed in embryo in the previous year—they may be seen under the microscope if a bulb is carefully dissected.

Good Bulbs for Spring Planting

Among bulbous plants which should be planted now are the gladioli. Few *genera* have undergone greater improvement at the hands of the hybridist than this. Charming as some of the older varieties were, they are not to be compared with those which belong to the Nanceianus, Lemoinei, and Childei groups, the last especially being distinguished by its brilliant colouring and handsome markings. Gladioli are as effective in pots as in beds or borders, and for room decoration they possess the great advantage that if the spikes are cut and placed in water when only the lower flowers are open, all the others will open in succession. To be grown really well, they should have deep, rich soil and plenty of moisture. The ranunculus, a great favourite with an older generation, seems to be regaining some of its former popularity. It is a plant which repays good cultivation—it is poor otherwise—and some of the double French varieties are very fine. The ixias are delightful little bulbous plants, so cheap that they may be grown by the thousand. Coming from the Cape, they are not quite hardy, but in a sunny situation all that they need is a slight covering of leaves or litter in winter.

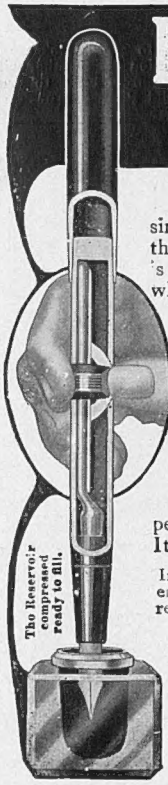
H. C. Davidson.

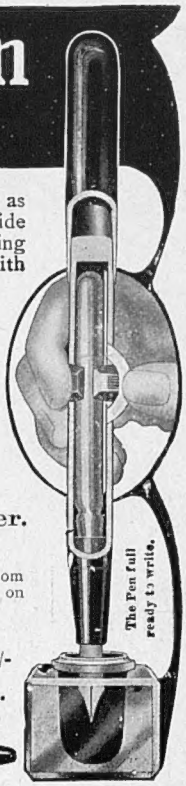
How the Conklin Pen Fills Itself

The Conklin Self-Filling Fountain Pen *really is* self-filling. It is just as simple as dipping an ordinary steel pen in an ink well. The ink reservoir inside the barrel of the Conklin Pen is made of soft rubber. The principle of filling is exactly the same as pressing the rubber bulb on the bothersome dropper with which you must fill an old-fashioned fountain pen.

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

is the perfected fountain pen. As the illustration shows, a pressure of the thumb on the **Crescent-Filler** compresses the reservoir inside the barrel of the pen. The pressure released, the pen is full, ready to write. No complicated parts, nothing to take apart, nothing to lose, nothing to get out of order. The same movement that fills the pen cleans it. The writing qualities are unequaled. The flow of ink perfect from the first stroke to the last dot. Look for the **Crescent-Filler.** It identifies the Conklin Pen and protects you against substitutes.





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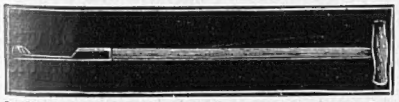
West's WEED EXTRACTOR (Patent)



Indispensable to Tennis Lawns, Golf Links, &c.

A lady can uproot hundreds of weeds per hour and make lawns like velvet by simply pressing the tool over the weeds, for on repeating this the weeds are delivered automatically. The small hole made by the tool aerates the soil, and is as advantageous to the growth of grass as digging is to plants. Thus the expense of weed-killers, &c., is saved. Made of best steel, altogether 32 inches long, so is a pleasure to use.

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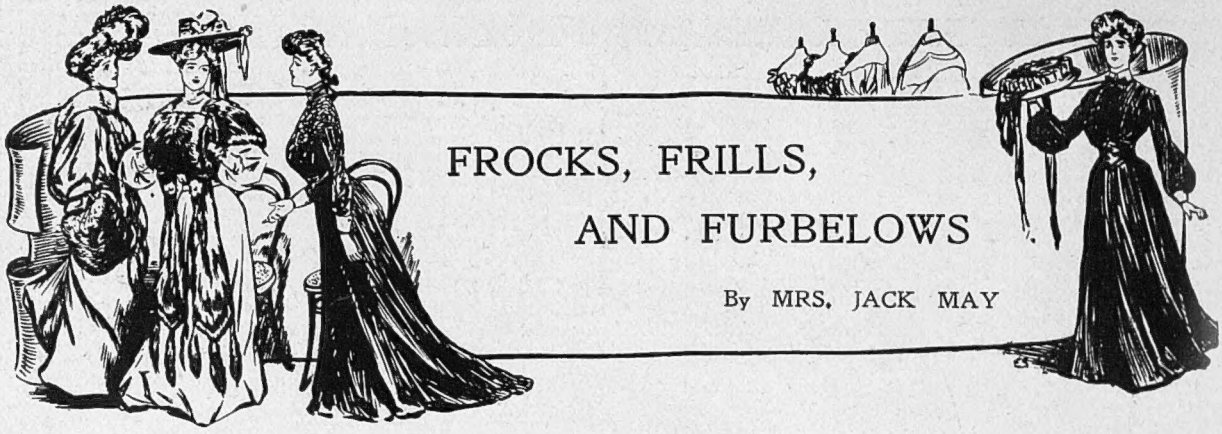

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The shopping world is waking up at last, the Fates be thanked! The previousness of Easter is, without doubt, largely responsible for the briskness that has already set in, and having made a deliberate saunter through the shops and *ateliers* of representative order, I am a trifle embarrassed by the riches of my information. As a start, however, let me take you through a slight reminiscence of the hats at

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

There is never any question as to the right style here; it is inevitably, irrevocably right, as witness the two models pictorially commandeered. The smart woman of ready adaptation needs no further incentive than Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's acceptance of such a vogue as is shown at the top of the group, which, with its extravagant disposal of loosely curled ostrich plumes, makes for a distinct departure. The shape, which is small by comparison with its decoration, is of coarse bronze-green straw, the high crown draped with green taffeta silk, disposed in a couple of small knots at the left side, through which are thrust the stems of the two gorgeous plumes that shade from deepest red to a pinkish grey at the tips. Needless to say, the blending of these daring colours is altogether beyond criticism.

Some Neck Fitments and other Toilette Trifles

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Assured of finding more general popularity is the becoming straight-brimmed design. This, of delicate maize straw, is almost smothered in light upstanding ruches of tulle the same shade, the two magnificent white wings held in place by loops of brown velvet, that are passed through the crown and form a *cache-peigne* of loops at the back.

Another eminently *chic* presentment of picturesque character was of brown straw, the crown massed with osprey feathers, held in front by a straight, stiff bow of gold tissue, while illustrating the latest backward poise there comes a black pedal straw, the upper side of the brim faced with *nattier* blue velvet, the lightest, most realistic cluster of field flowers, among which are disposed a few yellow roses floating gracefully, moved by every zephyr, over the crown.

Almost it goes without saying that the revived pedal straw has received the most serious recognition at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, where it is known as *paille Anglaise*, a certain exclusive patronage, moreover, being accorded some adorable Charlotte Corday models, that are very especially successful, effected entirely in black. In its every aspect, however, does the millinery show at Marshall's exact the earliest possible attention.

Toilette Trifles

The importance of the trifle as bearing on the relative success of the latter toilettes